

d.c. gazette

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June 7-20 1971

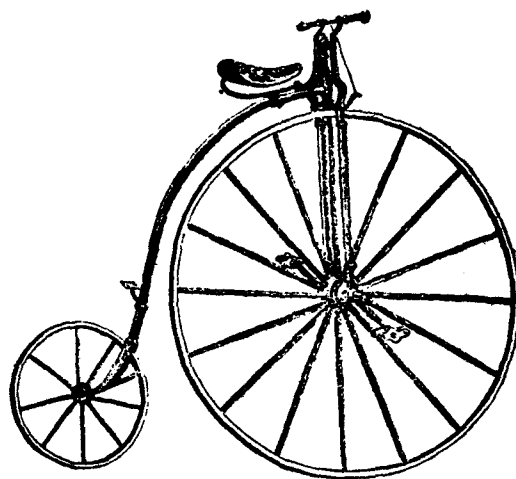
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Sgt. Buddy Anello (right) and friends in Vietnam

The last days of Sgt. Buddy Anello

Pedal



power

NICHOLAS JOHNSON

HERE are some of the remarks made by F.C.C. Commissioner Nicholas Johnson as he testified before Jerry Moore's Transportation Committee hearings on revised city bicycle regulations and designation of certain streets for bicycle pathways. He appeared along with 25 other bicycle enthusiasts who also bore witness for the importance of the bicycle to D.C. residents. At Johnson's left as he gave his testimony was his shiny black, 10-speed, 28 inch Raleigh bicycle.

CARS unnecessarily kill 60,000 people every year, permanently maim another 170,000, and injure 3-1/2 million more. The automobile accounts for at least 60 percent of the total air pollution in the United States by tonnage--as high as 85 percent in some urban areas--and 91 percent of all carbon monoxide pollution; it creates about 900 pounds of pollution for every person every year. One million acres of land are paved each year; there is now a mile of road for each square mile of land. The concrete used in our Interstate Highway System would build six sidewalks to the moon. Automobile transportation is also the largest single consumer of the resources used in our nation's total annual output of energy. It is an economic drain on consumers--in no way aided by auto companies that deliberately build bumpers weaker than they were 50 years ago in order to contribute to an unnecessary bumper repair bill in excess of \$1 billion annually.

The bicycle is a model citizen, by comparison.

The bicycle does not kill or maim except when run into by cars; it does not pollute; it does not deplete natural resources; it makes no noise; it takes a great deal less space; and it is very much cheaper. (You can buy a bicycle new for very little more than what it costs to operate an automobile for two weeks.) Although the bicycle makes a direct assault on four great problems that plague the modern city--traffic, noise, parking and pollution--urban planners have overlooked it in their search for solutions to the urban transportation crisis.

One of the major co-conspirators in a rather large conspiracy suppressing bicycles in America is television.

It is more than ironic that Americans can invest so much stock faith and rhetoric in the competitive market-place of commerce, and yet ignore the "marketplace of ideas" by tolerating the television monopoly that is used to merchandise Detroit's peculiar dreams of the appropriate automotive life-style--with all that life-style's attendant social ills. My own commission, the Federal Communications Commission, has been instrumental in encouraging broadcasters' censoring off the airwaves the messages from ecology groups (like Friends of the Earth) that would cry out against the urban devastation being wrought by Detroit's automobiles. In perhaps one of the great advertising overkills of all time, Americans are being grossly oversold an automotive product and life-style (bigger, faster, sexier cars) that Americans neither need nor may really want, and will surely eventually kill them with its exhaust by-products if it does

not get them first in a crash. This may serve the corporate profits of the automotive, oil, steel, cement, and road building industries, but it's short-changing the American people.

Even the psychologists and psychiatrists have gotten into it.

Automobiles insulate man not only from the environment but from human contact as well. They permit only most limited types of interaction, usually competitive, aggressive and destructive. If people are to be brought together again, given a chance to get acquainted with each other and involved in nature, some fundamental solutions must be found to the problems posed by the automobile.

--Edward T. Hall

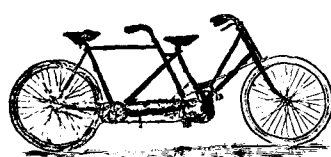
There are alternatives. Subways, walking--of course the bicycle--to name a few. Listen to the counsel of Thomas R. Reid, III, who has written in the Washington Monthly:

Commuting by bicycle? Is this some kind of put-on? It may sound like a joke to motor-minded America, but in the rest of the world nobody is laughing. In countries that are willing to take it seriously, the bicycle is transportation. Switzerland, for example, which traditionally places a high value on peace of mind and purity of air, has more bicycles than automobiles. In Amsterdam -- a national capital with roughly the same population and climatic conditions as Washington DC -- 150,000 people ride bikes to work every day. Hundreds of thousands more commute by bicycle in other European cities. The same is true in much of Africa and Asia.

I personally commute to work by bicycle. I was at one time riding 25 miles a day. I came over here today on my bicycle. Why?

It is often possible to find activities that serve more than one function at the same time. Bicycle riding is a good example.

I don't ride a bicycle because I hate General Motors but don't have the courage to bomb an auto plant. I don't do it as a gesture of great stoicism and personal sacrifice. I am not even engaged, necessarily, in an act of political protest over the company's responsibility for most of the air pollution by tonnage in the United States. It's like finally giving up cigarettes. You just wake up one morning and realize you don't want to start the day with another automobile. Just as cigarette smoking is not a pleasure, it's a business; so you finally come to realize that you don't need General Motors, they need you. They need you to drive their cars for them. You are driving for Detroit, and paying them to do it. Automobiles are just a part of your life that's over, that's all. No hard feelings. "Don't think twice, it's all right." Like Dylan said, you've just moved on to something else. From now on you just use their buses, taxis and rental cars when they suit your convenience. You don't keep one for them that you have to house, feed and water, and care for.



You ride a bicycle because it feels good. The air feels good on your body; even the rain feels good. The blood starts moving around your body; and pretty soon it gets to your head and, glory be, your head feels good. You start noticing things. You look until you really see. You hear things, and smell smells, you never knew were there. You start whistling nice little original tunes to suit the moment. Words start getting caught in the web of poetry in your mind. And there's nice feeling, too, in knowing you're doing a fundamental life thing for yourself: transportation. You got a little bit of your life back! And the thing you use is simple, functional and relatively cheap; you want one that fits you, and rides smoothly, but with proper care and a few parts it should last almost forever. Your satisfaction comes from within you, not from the envy or jealousy of others. (Although you are entitled to feel a little smug during rush hours, knowing you are also making better time than most of the people in cars.)



On a different speed scale, bicycles could move 2.8 times as many people per amount of space. If a bicyclist can make ten miles an hour, the car would have to exceed 28 mph to rack up more passenger miles on the same system of streets. But the New York City average speed for cars during rush hour is only 8.5 mph, 13 mph on the feeder roads. It's a fact that today in many cities you can make better time aboard a bicycle than in a car.

--Paul Swatek

On those occasions which I am not able to cycle through the parks--because the paths are rough with ice, or muddy from rain or melting snow--bicycling enables me to keep closer to the street people: folks waiting for buses or to cross streets, street sweepers, policemen, school "patrols," men unloading trucks, and so forth. Needless to say, you cannot claim any depth of understanding as a result of such momentary and chance encounters, but I do somehow have the sense--by the time I get to the office--that I have a much better feeling for the mood of the city that day than the public officials I work with who have come to their offices in limousines or their own automobiles. Although I am willing to brave the traffic and exhaust, I am aware it is dangerous. I think bicycles ought to be accorded a preferred position in the city's transportation system. At the very least they deserve an even break.

Down in the mines

THE US coal industry is among the most backward in the world when it comes to health and safety of its workers. It is also one of the most profitable industries in the world. An unusual study made by J. Davitt McAteer and a group of fellow West Virginia University students tells a lot about how the coal industry drains that state, expatriating profits, ruining natural resources and making wrecks of the inhabitants. For once a critical study of the coal fields can't be openly ridiculed by the UMW, or the mine operators, or the state and federal mine officials, because they, along with Ralph Nader, helped sponsor McAteer's investigation.

Judged by any ordinary guage coal mining is profitable. Fortune reports a 15 percent profit margin for the industry as a whole, with a 16.8 percent return on invested capital. Both independent and industry experts set the profit in West Virginia at between 80 cents and \$1 a ton. Taking the lower figure and multiplying it times the tons of coal mined, the total annual

profit in West Virginia was \$116 million for the year 1968.

Among the reasons for the high rates of profit are high rates of production. The US coal industry is the most productive in the world. In 1967 net production per man per day stood at 19 tons. By comparison, the nearest competitor is West Germany where production is 3 tons per

HARD TIMES

man per day. The rate of production is due to a combination of factors, among them increased mechanization. Thus production increases while actual employment declines.

From the industry's point of view, over both near and far term, the coal business looks good. The Interior Department reports there are enormous coal resources within the earth,

and even if one accepts the industry's own dour predictions, there will be an ample and profitable business in coal past the end of the century.

Why then should West Virginia, a state whose livelihood is so intimately tied to such a profitable industry, be so poor? McAteer describes the different sorts of subsidies which make the industry so profitable.

Among them are tax rates. In a survey of 14 leading coal counties McAteer's team found that 44 percent of all the land was held by 25 major corporations, and of that 25, the great majority were based out of the state. Corporations often contribute to the betterment of communities which suffer them by paying taxes. The 14 coal counties contained land and buildings with an assessed value of \$1.35 billion. Under the state laws, assessed value of property must be 100 percent of its true and actual value. However, tax assessors and officials at the state tax commissioner's office told the McAteer group that actual assessment was 50 percent of actual value. On further investigation, they discovered that assessed taxes declined the greater the coal reserves, not the other way around as one might expect. In other words the richest counties paid the lowest taxes. To be more specific, in Boone County the assessed land value in 1968 was \$15.7 million. According to industry's low estimates, 696 million tons of coal are recoverable. Multiply that by the lowest margin of profit--80 cents a ton--and recoverable coal in Boone would have a net profit of \$556.8 million. But under West Virginia law the maximum actual value that could have been attached to land in Boone in 1968 was \$31.5 million. In fact, the coal is worth more than 20 times the value attached to the land by the tax assessor.

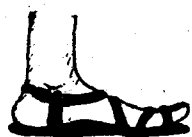
The coal industry's general attitude about taxes was perhaps best illustrated by an incident at Osage, West Virginia, several years ago. Osage is a community of about 600 people, located just outside Morgantown in the coal fields. Most of the men work at Consolidation Coal mines. There was a move in Osage to incorporate the town, an act which would give the citizenry the right to charge property taxes. The industry applauded the idea, and Julius Singleton, a Morgantown attorney who has served as head of the state coal association, offered to do the legal work for free. Consolidation Coal offered the services of its engineers to draw up the maps, also for free. The maps were late in being drawn, and presented to the townspeople only a couple of days before the vote. The drawings carefully included all features of the proposed limits of incorporation, except for two indentations, which had been cut out of the circle which marked the town boundaries. One indentation excluded the property on which sits the main office of the Consolidation Coal Co. The other excluded Consolidation Coal's machine shop. The townspeople went ahead and approved incorporation; of course, the two indentations effectively prevented them from ever collecting property taxes from Consol, the only real source of benefit from incorporation. But Consol maintains its image of civic betterment! One time it lent some land for a post office; in another occasion, it lent a steam shovel to clear a children's playground.

(Please turn to page 15)

Narragansett Leathers

319 Seventh St. SE

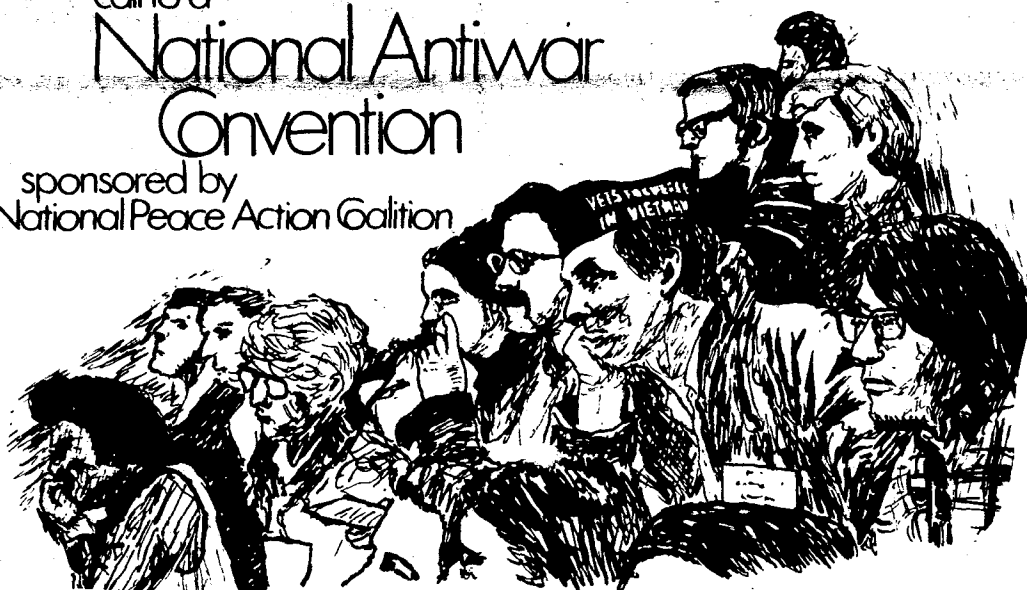
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call to a
**National Antiwar
Convention**
sponsored by
National Peace Action Coalition



New York City JULY 2-4, 1971
Hunter College

On December 4-6, 1970, the National Peace Action Coalition held a national convention in Chicago. That gathering, open to all war opponents on a one person-one vote basis, called the historic April 24 demonstrations in Washington and San Francisco.

On April 24, 1971, nearly a million Americans marching in Washington and San Francisco revealed the strength of the opposition in this nation to continued U.S. involvement in Indochina.

We who marched and millions who marched with us in spirit are now the majority -- not the "silent majority," but rather the majority which speaks loudly for "PEACE NOW!" We are united in demanding the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. military forces and materiel from Indochina.

In greater numbers than ever before, Americans are ready to work in a united, sustained and organized way to end the war. Based on the demand "OUT NOW!" veterans, trade unionists, GI's, Blacks, women, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Native Americans, students, professionals, middle America, gay people and others

can be mobilized to challenge Nixon's barbaric assault on the people of Southeast Asia.

The peace movement must provide the leadership necessary to guarantee that the power to end the war which resides in the great masses of Americans is effectively used to accomplish that objective.

To assure that the recent upsurge of antiwar activity continues, peace activists throughout the country are urged to meet together and plan mass demonstrations and other activities for the fall of 1971.

On July 2-4 the National Peace Action Coalition is sponsoring a national antiwar convention in New York City. All organizations and individuals who oppose the war are invited. All who register will have voice and vote. The convention will begin with keynote speakers at 7:30 Friday evening, July 2, and there will be discussion groups and plenary sessions Saturday and Sunday, July 3 and 4.

BE WITH US IN NEW YORK CITY TO PLAN AND BUILD THE NEXT ROUND OF PEACE ACTIVITIES.

National Peace Action Coalition
150 Fifth Avenue No. 911
New York, N.Y. 10003

Temporary Phone (212) 260-0210

Enclosed is \$..... donation. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

I want to advance register for the convention. Enclosed is \$6 (adults), \$3 (college students), \$2 (junior high and high school students). NOTE: There will be low cost and hotel housing and child care available during the sessions.

I want to start a Peace Action Coalition in my area. Please send information.
I want to help build the NPAC convention. Please send me literature for distribution.

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Moving forward. . .DC style

OVER THE PAST FEW DAYS, WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATIONS. THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

1. From the Commissioner



May 1971

I want to commend the employees of our city government for their dedicated and effective work during the recent demonstrations.

Employees have maintained the flow of vital municipal services to all citizens while at the same time providing the wide range of efforts needed to cope with problems stemming from the demonstrations.

From my vantage point in directing a myriad of city activities, I know that this task has required great skill, sensitivity and a tremendous amount of plain hard work. These accomplishments reflect credit upon each individual employee and the agencies concerned.

I am also pleased to report that President Nixon called me to express his personal gratitude to all of us for a job well done. The President expressed his thanks to all of our employees for the long, hard and successful efforts to keep the city operating during these activities.

I join the President in congratulating the employees for a difficult job well done.

Phyllis Washington
Mayor

2. From the medics

THE D.C. Medical Committee for Human Rights (MCHR) Chapter has provided medical presence at innumerable demonstrations in the past. Our care has always been available--and indeed has been given--to demonstrators, bystanders and police alike. We have always attempted to cooperate with and receive cooperation from the DC Health Department and Police. In this way we felt the health and safety of all concerned could most effectively be protected.

MCHR's medical presence during the recent demonstrations was ably organized and coordinated by Drs. Michael Davidson and Randy Cope. Together with members of MCHR's Executive Board they had several meetings with Health and Police Department officials. Procedures and identification were discussed and agreed upon.

Despite the events cited below, the humanitarian efforts of the Drs. Cope and Davidson and hundreds of other medical personnel were largely successful. Hundreds of people were helped and prompt medical attention prevented serious disability in many instances.

Reasonable cooperation from the Health and Police departments was received for the massive rally on April 24th and throughout the period preceding May 2. Then things changed rapidly. In addition to all the well publicized police actions against the demonstrators and bystanders, there occurred deliberate and widespread harassment of medical personnel by the police. Medics were arbitrarily arrested in large numbers, many were threatened and equipment and medical vehicles were confiscated and/or vandalized by the police. A few examples are given below.

MCHR in conjunction with the DC Public Health Association presented some of the facts including detailed depositions at a news conference May 7th. The inhumane and potentially hazardous conditions at the detention centers were also detailed at that conference. A detailed report is being prepared for the Mayor's office and a suit may be filed.

MCHR decries the individual and departmental misconduct and abrogation of due process by the DC police during the week of May 2. Even leaving aside all those actions against demonstrators and innocent bystanders, the deliberate attack on MCHR and other medical personnel was a flagrant betrayal of the meanest sort.

May 2 -- Drs. Davidson and Cope were attending at a medical station at crowded West Potomac Park. (DC officials had refused to send down Health Department personnel). They received personal permission from Chief Wilson to remain with the medical equipment when the area was cleared. At 12:00 noon Capt. Klotz of D.C. Police again assured them that they and 20 medics could stay with equipment. Shortly thereafter CDU surrounded the station and ordered all to leave. Drs. Davidson and Cope explained all they could--showed their DC Health Department identification--indicated that expensive and dangerous equipment and drugs (some of it from the Health Department) could not be abandoned--to no avail. They were physically assaulted and arrested. They watched as a uniformed officer took a hatchet and vandalized the locked drug box.

May 3rd 6:00 a.m., DuPont Circle: After having been directed to a "designated area" by police a half hour before, police pushed their way into a medical vehicle and drove off with it while a patient was being loaded injuring the personnel who were thrown from the van. Remaining medics told to leave when truck stopped. Medical equipment confiscated by police. The medical vehicle was then used by police as a paddy wagon: When truck was finally recovered back door, glove compartment, roof and tool box were damaged.

9:30 a.m. -- Medical van--clearly identified--was proceeding legally down 19th Street to respond to call on GWU campus. It was halted by a patrolman, who reached in grabbed the ignition keys, threatened the driver and then ordered the van to be parked on a parking lot nearby. When parked the keys were again confiscated and he threatened the medical personnel with arrest if they didn't stop asking for the keys. The van had to be abandoned by the medical personnel who proceeded by foot.

9:00 a.m. -- In a separate incident a clearly marked medical van proceeding legally was forced to stop by police. Medical personnel including licensed DC physician with proper identification were ordered out. The policeman ripped out part of the ignition and took them and the car keys and left. Medical personnel had to abandon the vehicle

d.c. gazette

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Folger Apartments

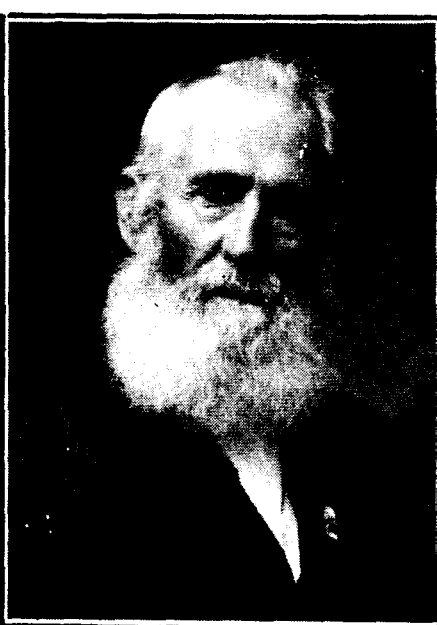
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The alternatives at Ft. Lincoln

PLANS for Ft. Lincoln, or should we call it Westingtown?, are proceeding quietly--very quietly, thanks to the efforts of Graham Watt, assistant to the commissioner, and the RLA to bury the project from public sight until it is, as they say in the trade, "packaged." Under the present theory of the folks downtown, "citizen input" should not be put in until all the major decisions are made. Public opinion on the color of the street signs in Ft. Lincoln will, however, be welcome.

It's not as bad as it sounds, since it appears that the decisions being made are highly predictable. What started out as social innovation by the government has turned into commercial development by private industry. What started out to be a national prototype new community has degenerated into a company town. No one can say that the city wasn't warned. The prospectus issued by BSI-Westinghouse, the consortium that seeks to develop Ft. Lincoln and which is doing the initial planning, contains such statements as:

"To date new towns and large scale development projects have been considered mainly as real estate ventures writ large. In terms of scale and complexity, however, city building more nearly resembles the development of a railway system or a nuclear power industry than it does conventional real estate activity. Only the largest corporations have the staying power and broad business interests for realizing the full, long term potential in new communities. To Westinghouse, Ft. Lincoln represents a potential quantum jump in packaging a vast array of goods and services where they are not now being met by either public or private action separately.

"In business terms, tapping the market for products and services generated by a project like Ft. Lincoln provides incentives that, in the long run, could well outweigh the costs and benefits of the real estate investment per se. Only a large and diversified national corporation has the capability to realize these potentials and thus be better able to underwrite, in part at least, the extra costs of innovation called for in Ft. Lincoln."

In other words, Westinghouse can make a profit in Ft. Lincoln because of the conglomerate strangle-hold it hopes to achieve there. It is no small betrayal of the public for the government to cooperate in this monopolistic venture.

But beyond the question of whether public lands should be abused in this manner (especially when DC has only a limited amount of open land left to use or abuse), there is the question of what is the best use to which Ft. Lincoln could be put. It seems that the building of a new community--while desirable enough in itself--is not anywhere near as important as providing more housing for DC residents who need jobs or

need housing. As things now stand, a considerable portion of the projected job and residential population will come from outside the District.

What is desperately needed is help for those now living inside the District. To this end, the use of Ft. Lincoln as an industrial park or as a prototype community of inexpensive homes purchasable without a downpayment would make considerably more sense than an effort to do Southwest right this time.

There is probably no city in the country that expends less effort attracting new blue collar employment to it than does Washington. Yet with the clout available through the dispensation of government contracts, there is probably no city in the country that has more ability to attract new employment--provided the city and the federal government choose to do so. As just one small example, Metro could write into its specifications for subway cars that they be constructed within the District. Here is a huge contract that would justify the construction of a new plant, which might very well be placed at Ft. Lincoln.

An alternative use--a prototype land reform program to begin giving lower income DC residents housing in which they have equity (and the subsequent economic leverage that brings)--would be just as desirable. It is a part of the conventional wisdom of planners that you can only have a small number of low and moderate income residents in any new project, ere it becomes another slum. This wisdom is highly suspect, because--with a few exceptions such as the rather successful experiment of Greenbelt, Md. during the Roosevelt era--the evidence is based almost entirely upon projects in which most of the housing is rented. We have little idea of the economic and social dynamics of a community of low and moderate income residents who own their own homes and are being actively supported by the government in their quest for a better life, rather than being assigned to a permanent dependent status via public housing, subsidized rentals or any of the other gimmicks we have devised to avoid facing the need for land reform and the redistribution of national wealth. DC residents need jobs and housing. When

Good bye, George

GEORGE Avery is leaving government. Good bye, George. Who's George? He's the guy who should have been sharing the blame with O. Roy Chalk for those fare increase you've gotten over the past few years.

As head of the Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Commission and Public Service Commission, Avery has repeatedly presided benignly over price increases in the industries he represents.

As Dorothy Camer, of the Citizens Against DC Transit writes:

"The fundamental purpose of regulatory commissions is to create a 'competitive environment' for monopolies or oligopolies which they regulate. They are primarily created to protect the public interest and are usually invested with broad, vaguely defined authority subject to the interpretation of the men who run them. Avery has chosen a very narrow view of his role and his commissions have been no exception to Philip Elman's complaint that 'the most fundamental deficiency of such agencies has been their chronic failure to fulfill their unique quasi-legislative function of developing and implementing regulatory policies responsive to public needs and the public interest.' Far from attempting to develop policies responsive to the public needs, he has consistently placed the burden of proof for new policies on the public. He recently stated before a Congressional committee that the best way to protect the public interest is to keep D.C. Transit solvent."

FORTNIGHTLY HONORS



THIS ISSUE'S HONORS FOR SERVICES BEYOND THE PALE OF DUTY GO TO:

PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON who, through his replacement of Democrat Philip Daugherty on the City Council with Henry Willard, proved that he could find a Republican who was just as bad.

BOARD OF TRADE PRESIDENT JOE DANZANSKY for his encomium to Chief Wilson the other night at the Touchdown Club. Joe thanked Wilson for protecting our civil liberties during the recent demonstrations. Many city officials were present for the Touchdown Club tribute. Francis Murphy was meant to come but reportedly was detained at Superior Court by John Mitchell who insisted that he stay until he found at least one peace freak to prosecute.

the BSI-Westinghouse plan for Ft. Lincoln is unveiled, count the number of jobs and homes that will be provided for low and moderate income DC residents. Then consider the alternatives.

Now George is leaving to go back into private practice. There is no assurance--in fact, not much hope--that the President will appoint a successor more inclined to press the public interest. But if anything can be done about it, now is the time to do it.

letters

(RE recent abortion referral ad) have you checked this group out? Do you know who they are? How much are they charging? There are free referral services--we're sick to death of everybody in the world making money off women who need abortion care. Why should District women have to go to New York anyway??? Let's fight for decent, low cost abortion care in the District.

MARGOT CHAMPAGNE

(Because of the impossibility of checking out-of-the-area referral services, and because of the availability of abortions in the District, the Gazette will no longer run out-of-the-area abortion referral ads without positive information concerning the reliability of the organization involved. -- ED)

WHERE TO FIND THE GAZETTE

CAPITOL EAST

Narragansett Leathers, 319 7th SE
Emporium, 305 Penna. Ave. SE
Trover Shop, 227 Penna. Ave. SE
DC Gazette, 109 8th St. NE

DOWNTOWN

National Press Building news stand, 14th & F
Econocopy, National Press Building

ADAMS-MORGAN & DUPONT CIRCLE

Alternative, 1724 20th NW
Toast & Strawberries, Comm. & R NW
News stand, 18th & Columbia NW
Sign of Jonah, 2138 P NW
Community Book Shop, 2028 P NW
Mr. Copy, 1157 21st NW

GEORGETOWN

Canal Square Book Store, 1054 31st NW
Yes!, 1039 31st NW
Biograph Theatre, 29th & M NW

MARYLAND SUBURBS

Maggie's Farm, 1 Columbia Ave., College Pk.
Joint Possession, 7402 Balt. Ave., College Pk.
Beautiful Day Trading Co., 4915 Berwyn, Bethesda.

the city catalog

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

THE DC Red Cross is looking for teens, age 14 and up who have completed seventh grade to volunteer for one of nine hospitals or one of twenty day camps being run this summer. Call Red Cross, 857-3523 to sign up.

MEETINGS

ANTI-COMMUNISTS will conduct their version of the Spring Offensive here at the Hotel Sonesta, June 18-21. A seminar, sponsored by the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, will feature films, panel discussions, and speeches on Leninism, Marxism, Anarchism and Dialectical Materialism. Speakers will include Fidel Castro's sister Juanita and Herbert Philbrick--the man who led three lives. Tuition is \$20.00 for the entire four days, or \$2.50 per morning, afternoon, or evening session. For more information write to Washington D.C. Antisubversive Seminar, PO Box 890, Long Beach, Ca. 90801.

THERE will be a meeting of Jews for Urban Justice on June 14th, 8 p.m. in the apartment of Bobbi Baum, 3821 Davis Place, NW. Main purpose will be to talk about the involvement of the Jewish Community in the People's Peace Treaty.

AN evening for the Jewish campaign for the People's Peace Treaty Sat., June 12, 8:30 p.m., Kay Spiritual Life Center, American University. Entertainment (Sue Roemer & David Shneyer--sing Jewish folksongs, Sonny Shnitzer from the cast of Hair), debate & discussion of the Jewish Campaign, films on the war. Info: 244-2830, 462-1982 or P.O. Box 6651, DC 20009.

GROUPS

A SMALL group of people in Washington are interested in forming a Jewish Consciousness Raising Group. Women, Chicanos, Gay People, Blacks have all started groups which struggle in a collective way to talk about how America's oppressed them. We think Jews, especially movement people who are Jewish, have had their sense of Jewish identity fucked-over by the melting pot, by Jewish collaborationist leadership and by their parents' definition of what it means to be Jewish in Amerika. As Leftists, movement people and non-zionists seeking to struggle collectively with like-minded people, we're interested in having others join us. Call 462-1982 if interested. Leave your name and number.

ENDRAFT is a newly formed organization, created by representatives from major peace, civic and religious groups to help overall planning for nationwide anti-draft activities. Offices are at 1009 13th St, NW, DC, 783-9370.

AD RATES

COMMERCIAL RATES

\$2 a column inch, \$24 a quarter page, \$48 a half-page, \$96 a page. Classifieds: 30¢ a line.

There is a fifteen percent discount for camera-ready copy. Paste-up widths are 4" for one column, 8 1/4" for two columns and 12 1/2" for three columns.

SUBSCRIBER RATES

The Gazette will run free classifieds for subscribers on a one-time basis (maximum 30 words). Repeat ads: 15¢ a line. Must be non-commercial in nature.

NON-PROFIT GROUP RATE

The Gazette will run free display ads and classified ads for non-profit organizations (churches, committees, political action organizations etc.) on a one-time basis. Display ads must be camera-ready. Maximum size for display ads: 8 1/2 x 11".

Repeat ads or display ads not camera-ready: \$1 a column inch, \$12 a quarter page, \$24 a half-page and \$48 a page. Repeat classifieds: 15¢ a line

NOTE

Non-profit groups and subscribers may continue to run free ads as long as the copy is substantially changed for each issue.

AD DEADLINE

The deadline for the next issue is June 15 at noon. Bring to 109 8th St. NE or call 543-5850.

THE Polaroid Revolutionary Worker's Movement (PRWM) has called for an international boycott of all Polaroid products (film, cameras, sunglasses, ID systems, etc.) until all of the company's sales to South Africa have been terminated. The facts of life for Black South Africans are well-known. The key to "population control" (i.e. oppression) is the infamous "pass book" which must be carried by all Africans over 16 years old, night and day. It is the record of one's life, and must be "in order" to avoid arrest. Every day more than 1500 Blacks are arrested for pass violations alone. About 20% of all pass pictures are taken with Polaroid equipment. Polaroid sells their "I.D. -2" system to big South African mines, industries, and the military. Film, cameras, and "cool-ray" sunglasses find an outlet among rich white residents and tourists for use on the "whites only" beaches. For more information and a new pamphlet on the boycott against Polaroid, contact PRWM, c/o Caroline Hunter, 46 Longwood Ave., Brookline, Mass. 02146.

HEARINGS

THE ZONING COMMISSION meets June 30th at 10 a.m. in Room 500 to hear a variety of requests including plans for an 11 story office building at Wisconsin and Western Avenues, NW. On June 22 at 10 a.m. in Room 12, the Zoning Commission Hearing Officer will hear a request to change the entire block bounded by 18th, 19th, L and M Streets, NW from C-3-B to C-4.

FOR SALE

ORIGINAL batik paintings hand done on cotton cloth, some mounted on oriental scrolls. Traditional and abstract themes. Call 293-2447.

UPHOLSTERING, draperies, slipcovers. Unlimited fabric selection. Free estimates in your home. Easy payment plan available. Call 299-5833.

CLASSES

IF you're looking for a job...or for promotion on the job why not sign up today for self-improvement: Adult education courses in remedial English and remedial math, or preparation studies for the high school equivalency certificate? Classes are held Monday through Thurs-

THE NATIONAL SUMMER YOUTH SPORT PROGRAM AT

Howard University Mens Gymnasium

JUNE 21, 1971 to JULY 29, 1971

Basketball - Swimming - Gymnastics

The Dance - Judo

Track-Field

BOYS And GIRLS

AGE. 10 YRS, TO 18 YRS.

SIGN UP NOW

For Further Information Contact:

MARSHALL EMERY, Program Director 797-1664

SONDRA NORRELL, Program Coordinator 797-1525

CHAUNCEY THOMAS, Program Recruiter Counselor 797-1525

HURRY!

HURRY!

REGISTER: JUNE 17 & 18 3:30 to 6:00
JUNE 19 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon

PHYSICAL EDUCATION BUILDING FOR MEN
HOWARD UNIVERSITY

RETROSPECTIVE exhibition of photographs by Walker Evans, who recorded the bleak depression days of the nineteen-thirties, will be at the Corcoran Gallery of Art until June 27. The Corcoran Gallery of Art, which is open Tuesdays through Sundays, is free to the public on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. For further information please telephone: (202) 638-3211, Public Relations.

RECREATION

THE following is a listing of some of the major happenings of Recreation-Park Month sponsored by the D. C. Department of Recreation. All events are free and open to the public:

JUNE

- 7-13 Annual Tennis Tournament for adult men and women. Rock Creek Courts. 629-7555. 16th and Kennedy Sts. NW.
- 12, 13 18 pools open for weekend swimming 10:30 am-6:00 pm.
- 15, 22 Washington Senators baseball team tryout camp for men, 16-21. Banneker - Ga. Ave. & Euclid St., N.W.
Randall - 1st & Eye Sts., S.W.
Rosedale - 17th & Gales St., N.E.
- 18 15 outdoor swimming pools open for full-time summer season operation Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Sun Sun., 10:30 a.m.-6:00 p.m.
- 18 "Barber of Bagdad", Washington Civic Opera Assn. The National Symphony Orchestra. The U.S. Navy Sea Chanters. Constitution Hall, 8:30 p.m., 18th & D Sts., N.W. No admission; reserve seats at 629-7208.
- 19 "Recreation Summerthing" parade and carnival begins at Terrell Recreation Center. 1st & L Streets, N.W. 10:00 a.m. School's out celebration through the model cities area.
- 19, 20 Jazz and Gospel Festival. Meridian Hill Park. 16th & Euclid Sts., NW 7:30 p.m.
- 20 7th Annual Anacostia Recreation Day Anacostia Community Center Anacostia Park, under Pa. Ave. Bridge, S.E. 1:00-6:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. Parade, 2:00 p.m. Fashion Show, Fishing Rodeo, the biggest fish wins, 2-4:00 p.m. Pony and mechanical rides. 3:00 p.m. Helicopter demonstration and rides. Judo and karate exhibition. 4:00 p.m. Bingo, Talent show. 4:30 Aquatic show. 5:00 p.m. Showmobile rock & roll show.
- 19, 20 Interstate competition, pitch, hit and throw. Memorial Stadium, Balt., Md. Orioles vs. Yankees game.
- 21 Cornfield Harbor resident camp begins sessions. Scotland, Md. Boys and girls, 7-14. 629-7537.
- 22 Games begin; Schaefer Beer adult mens summer basketball league. Men, 19 and over. Played on Tues. or Thurs. Ft. Stevens, Rudolph Turkey Thicket, Roper, Fairfax, Ft. Stanton, Barry Farms, Capper, Edgewood, Palisades, John L. Young, N.Y. Ave., M.L. King-Greenleaf
- 22 Soccer league begins play. 629-7466.
- 21-26 Quaker Oats-Safeway Stores Sports Pentathlon
- 21 Rudolph-2nd & Hamilton Sts. N.W. 11:00 a.m.
- 21 Kelly-Miller-49th & Brooks Sts. NE 4:00 p.m.
- 22 Rosedale-17th & Gales Sts. N.E. 11:00 a.m.
- 24 Dunbar Stadium-1st & N Sts. N.W. 11:00 a.m.
- 24 Woodland Terrace Community Center 2310 Ainger Place, S.E. 11:00 a.m.
- 25 Friendship-45th & Van Ness, N.W. 4:00 p.m.
- 25 Turkey Thicket-10th & Mich. Ave 4:00 p.m.
- 26 King-Greenleaf-2nd & N Sts. S.W. 11:00 a.m.
- 23 Watergate concert series begin. Different concert every Wed. night. National Symphony Orchestra, 8:30 p.m.
- 23 Senior citizens annual picnic. Rock Creek Park, Groves 24, 25. 12 noon to 3:30 p.m. Transportation provided, 629-7338.

- 23 U.S. youth games preliminaries. Track and Field. Coolidge High School Stadium, 4:00 p.m.
- 23 Showmobile rock & roll revue. Potomac Gardens, 700 12th St. SE. 4 pm 4:00 p.m.
- 25 Showmobile rock & roll revue. Emery, Georgia Ave. & Madison Sts. N.W. 7:30 p.m.
- 24 Showmobile rock & roll revue. Chevy Chase, Recreation center, 41st & Livingston, N.W. 7:30 p.m.
- 26 Annual D.C. AAU track and field meet. Men and women. Coolidge High School Stadium. 5th & Tuckerman Sts., N.W. 4:00 p.m.
- 28 Department of Recreation 13 day camps begin summer season operation, 629-7537.
- 28, 29 Girls and boys junior olympic track meet. Coolidge High School Stadium 5th & Tuckerman Sts. NW. 629-7466.

In addition to these activities, the Dept. of Recreation is offering swimming, aquatics classes, overnight camping, day camps and tennis day camps, sporting events, classes and concerts on a regular basis throughout the summer. Info: call 629-7466, or the recreation Dept. Information Office at 629-7226 to request a free copy of the summer brochure.

ART

THE first one-man gallery show by Fairfax County artist, Agnes Fromer, will run through June 26, at Emerson Gallery, 1437 Emerson Ave., McLean, Va. Her oil paintings may be seen Tues.-Sat. from 11 a.m.-4 p.m.

THE Showcase Gallery of the Washington Theater Club, 1101 23rd St. NW will exhibit the work of young area artists involved in the program of the Workshop for Careers in the Arts through July 4. Showcase Gallery is open Sunday and Mondays 12 p.m. to 8 p.m. and Tuesdays through Saturdays 10a.m. to 9 p.m.

AT the Franz Bader Gallery, recent paintings by Yuen Yuey Chinn through June 19th.

DRAMA

THE Back Alley Theatre, under the sponsorship of National Capitol Park's Summer In The Parks program, will present a series of free daytime performances of the Black Experience play, Day of Absence by Douglas Turner Ward. Day of Absence is a broad satire on race relations in a small southern town. It will be performed by Back Alley Theatre in the following downtown parks on Tuesday afternoons between the hours of twelve noon and one p.m. during the month of June.

June 1st--Farragut Park, 17th & K, NW
June 8th--MacPherson Park, 15th & K, NW
June 15th--Dupont Circle Park, Conn. & 21st
June 22nd--Lafayette Park, Penn. nr. 17th
June 29th--L'Enfant Park, 7th & Const. NW

WHORES, Wars and Tin Pan Alley, a musical package with music by Kurt Weill, is the next attraction at the Washington Theater Club. Opening a 5-week run on June 9, the musical revue is the final production in the WTC's 8-play 1970-71 subscription series. Advance tickets are available by calling the WTC box office at 466-8860.

MUSIC

THE Chapel Choir, a mixed choral group of 40 singers from East Point, a suburb of Atlanta Georgia, will present a Sacred Concert at the Capitol Hill United Methodist Church, 5th and Seward Square, SE at 8:00 p.m.

RECITAL at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, June 9th at 12:10 p.m. Timothy L. Zimmerman will play Lidon, Couperin, Bach, Alain and Roberts.

RECITAL at St. John's Episcopal Church, Lafayette Square, NW at 12:10 p.m., June 16. Helen Penn, assisting organist at the church will play Maurice Durufle's Opus 4.

MISC.

AT THE SMITHSONIAN: June 7, Concert of Brahms choral music, History and Technology, 8:30 p.m., free; June 8, Sen. Jacob Javits and George W. Ball in a dialogue on foreign policy, Natural History Museum, 8 p.m., free; June 9, Informal Concert using harpsichords from the Smithsonian collections, Hall of Musical Instruments, History & Technology, 1:30 p.m., free; June 11, Folk Concert, Natural History, 8:30 p.m., \$1; June 12, Lecture by Richard Lahey, on American Artists I have Known in the Granite Gallery, NCFA at 3 p.m.; June 17, Creative Screen at NCFA, 2:30, free.

THE COMMONS is being organized to provide local artists and craftsmen with a place to display their wares, without the usual hassles. It will be located on the front lawn of "amazing" Grace Church, 1041 Wisconsin Ave. in Georgetown, from 10 a.m. to sundown every Saturday. Proceeds will go to the Free Money Foundation, which will help finance projects in the "free community." "Come and shop where the wares are handcrafted and the food is homemade, and meet the people who made it. To display, call Marl Harris, 462-6973 or 333-1210 for a reservation.

INDEPENDENCE Day this year will be held in Albuquerque, New Mexico, according to the California Peace & Freedom Party and other independent political parties around the nation. They have announced a four-day national meeting in Albuquerque to kick off a Summer Offensive against the existing political system.

Sponsored by the Peace & Freedom Party, the New Party and the Independent New Mexican Party, the Albuquerque meeting, originally conceived as a national platform convention, will lay plans for a national political party independent of the Democratic, Republican and Wallacite parties. The proposed agenda will include drafting (but not adopting) a platform for the new party, nominating a shadow cabinet, planning a summer organizing drive and workshops on structure and legal requirements for qualifying new parties for the ballot.

The Albuquerque meeting will be open to any individual or group that wishes to attend on a one-person/one-vote basis. Groups now planning to attend include the Peace & Freedom Party of California, Utah and Arizona; the New Party of Arizona, California, Iowa, Nevada and Utah; and the Independent New Mexican Party, which is hosting the event. The New Party national headquarters in Washington, D.C. expects participation from New Party groups in Massachusetts, Florida, New York, Texas and several other states. Other independent parties invited to the meeting include the Wisconsin Alliance, D.C. Statehood Party, Human Rights part of Michigan, the New Reform party of Montana, the Liberal Party of New York and the People's Party of Kentucky.

"Independence Day, 1971" was first proposed last March at a two-day meeting of independent parties in Salt Lake City. The platform drafted in Albuquerque will be presented at a national platform convention scheduled tentatively for Labor Day weekend. Major purposes of the Albuquerque meeting will be a declaration of independence from the existing political system and launching a summer organizing drive to form a nationwide party to enter candidates in the 1972 election.

"Independent political parties in many states are now uniting to provide a national challenge to the existing system. We are organizing at every level to produce a new political alternative based on grass-roots democratic procedures, including electoral politics, counter-institutions, and non-violent, direct action. Our goal is a new nation with new institutions controlled by the people who participate in them."

The national organizing committee of the California PFP has announced that its office in Venice is now available for volunteers to learn the skills of electoral and movement organizing. Anyone wishing to volunteer for practical organizing work at the Venice office or anywhere in the country should contact the PFP National Organizing Committee, 1727 W. Washington Boulevard, Venice, California 90291, or call (213) 821-8526.

day evenings each week at Ballou High School, 4th and Trenton Streets, SE. In some cases baby-sitting and transportation may be provided. Classes are open to all residents of D.C. For information call 584-2606 or apply directly to Ballou High School.

HELP WANTED

ARENA Stage is looking for black and white theater workers for next season's Living Stage interracial improvisational company. Musical director-pianist: must be able to improvise, compose and arrange, and must be able to play and compose in all genres--jazz, soul & rock. Stage manager: must be able to organize thoroughly and run a professional company. Long hours. Community Relations: must be able to rap with neighborhood and recreation leaders about children, theater, art and black and white relationships. Actors and actresses: more important than the length of the resume is the ability to express ideas, feelings and emotions physically and vocally. Actors and actresses must have the freedom to express individual points of view, and must be able to sing. The philosophy of Living Stage is to turn on young people to their own creativity by improvising scenes that are directly related to their lives. Contact: Robert Alexander, Living Stage 6th and M Sts. S.W. Washington, D.C. 20024. Phone: 347-0931 (202).

EXHIBITS

A SPECIAL exhibition tracing the history of plastic surgery is on display in the National Museum of History and Technology of the Smithsonian Institution in the Hall of Health.

AT the Library of Congress:
Library Showcase Exhibit: 200th anniversary of the birth of Robert Owen, founder of the utopian community of New Harmony, Indiana. In the west foyer, Ground Floor, Main Building, through August 31.
Original cartoons and cover drawings by artists of the New Yorker Magazine. Ground Floor Main Building, through July 31.
Hair. Prints and posters of the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries featuring advertisements for dyeing and preserving hair, hair styles, cartoons about hair and other oddities. Ground floor, Main Building, through June 30.
22nd National Exhibition of Prints. Juried show of contemporary printmakers. West Gallery, First Floor, Main Building, through September 7.

THE National Museum of History and Technology will be open every evening until 9 p.m. from June 14 through Labor Day. Because of budgetary limitations, these will be the only evening hours offered by the Institution this year. Late weekend hours previously announced for the Mall museums will not go into effect. Hours for the public cafeteria in the History and Technology building will be 11 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. June 14 through Labor Day. Other Smithsonian buildings will maintain regular hours of 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. seven days a week.

EXHIBITIONS at the Smithsonian:
National Portrait Gallery through Oct. 15--"A Glimmer of Their Own Beauty": Black Sounds of the Twenties. Mary McLeod Bethune through June 25. Opens June 17.
National Collection of Fine Arts through June 28--Art from Junior High Schools in the District of Columbia. Opening June 15.
Museum of History and Technology--The Campbell Museum Collection of antique silver and porcelain through Labor Day. Opening June 16.

ARTS & CRAFTS

PHOTOGRAPHER: Portraits & community photography. A large selection can be viewed at your convenience. Call Michael Shapiro evenings at 547-6455.

POTTERY CLASSES
NEW STUDIO NOW OPEN ON 8TH ST. SE
Classes are forming: 4 & 8 week sessions
543-9152
WORDEN ROBINSON ART POTTERY
SALES: WHEELS-KILNS-CLAY

LITERATURE

AN American Friends Service Committee project called NARMIC (National Action Research on the Military Industrial Complex) has published a series of books. They include a study of the role of medical institutions in war research, an expose of government strategies for maintaining lethal arsenals while appearing to ban them, and a supplement of FBI files on youth programs and riot control weapons and tactics. For further information contact: NARMIC, 160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA. 19102.

A WOMEN'S SONGBOOK is out! Finally, songs for us, by us! There are 23 songs, drawings, and a chord chart. Sample titles: "Heaven Help the Working Girl!", "The Un-Fair Affair," "We Don't Need the Men," and "Male Supremacy." Send check to Judy Busch, Oral Herstory Library, 2325 Oak St, Berkeley, Ca. 94708: \$1 woman to woman, \$3 charter orders, male orders, institutions, \$5 subscriptions (first two books and postage). Plus postage: 80¢ airmail, 50¢ first class, 12¢ third class for two books, 6¢ each additional book.

THE "herstory Synopsis," a list of women in world history has been especially prepared and published for International Women's Day by the Women's Movement Archive-Library. Good background material for women's street theater, radio programs, picket signs, posters, graffiti, and other celebrations, as well as for women's courses. Send \$1 to Women's Herstory Library, 2325 Oak St, Berkeley, Ca. 94708.

FOR RENT

LOOKING for people interested in collective living. Have spacious house in good neighborhood on Capitol Hill. Especially persons into education, psychology and health food. Call Pat at 544-8791.

HOUSE in inner city for rent July and August--near the National Zoo and near bus line--furnished, air-conditioned, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, small backyard. \$250 per mo. Call A. Semple, 462-5759 after 6.

FILMS

THE D.C. Public Library will present a youth film festival June 14-18 at the following locations

Anacostia June 14-7p.m.; Southwest June 15-7:30p.m.; Southeast June 16-7:00p.m.; Chevy Chase June 17-7:30 p.m. and Mt. Pleasant June 18-6:30 p.m.

MOVIES for children at the Woodridge Branch library at Rhode Island Avenue and 18th St, NE Tuesdays through June 29th at 4:00 p.m.

SERVICES

FREE counselling in a non-traditional setting at the Fabranken, 2158 Florida Ave, NW every Thursday from noon to 10p.m. Info: 667-7829 and ask for Rob or Pete.

HEALTH

ABOUT 11,000 children, ages one through six in the Model Cities Area, will be tested for lead poisoning by the Community Health Services Administration under a grant of \$204,154 from the Model Cities Commission. The Model Cities Area has been divided into 20 wards for this special project and a Mobile Health Unit will cover the area ward by ward. The principal purpose behind the lead screening program is the prevention of mental retardation caused by lead poisoning. Although the use of leaded paint for interior use is prohibited in the District, many older homes and apartments were constructed when leaded paint was used extensively. Flaking and chipped paint is eaten by many children, one through six years of age. All cases of high lead levels of 40 micrograms per 100 milliliters of whole blood or above are reported to the Housing Division which investigates the houses and requests landlords to remove or cover flaking paint. Dudley Anderson, chief of the administration's Accident Prevention Division urges all parents with children from one through six years of age to have their children tested at the earliest possible moment at any one of the Community Health Services Administration's Neighborhood Health Centers and Clinics of the Mobile Health Unit in the Model Cities Area. For additional information on the various lead detection programs of the CHSA parents should call 629-3776.

PHOTO EXHIBITS

ELEVEN WASHINGTON PHOTOGRAPHERS: an exhibition and sale of prints at the Corcoran through June 20.

Black Women's League photography contest

- RULES AND REGULATIONS:
1. Each contestant must be between the ages of 10 and 18 years old.
 2. Each contestant must be a resident of the District of Columbia.
 3. Each contestant must photograph his own pictures.
 4. Each contestant must develop his own pictures.
 5. Each contestant must print his own pictures.
 6. Each contestant can submit up to 4 entries.
 7. All pictures must be black and white.
 8. Each picture must be a minimum of 8 by 10 inches or a maximum of 11 by 14 inches.
 9. Each picture must be mounted on cardboard.
 10. Each picture must be postmarked no later than June 17, 1971.
 11. Registration form must be attached to the back of the picture.

ENTRIES CAN BE MAILED TO:
BLACK WOMEN'S LEAGUE, INC.
P.O. Box 8905 SOUTHEAST STATION
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20003

OR

ENTRIES can be deposited at the DC Gazette, 109 8th St. NE.
ALL ENTRIES will be on exhibit at the Education Gallery, National Collection of Fine Art, G Street, NW between 7th and 9th Streets, NW on Monday, July 19, 1971 until August 16, 1971.

PRIZES for the contest will be photographic supplies.

REGISTRATION FORM:

(Cut at dotted line and attach to back of picture.)

.....

NAME _____ AGE _____

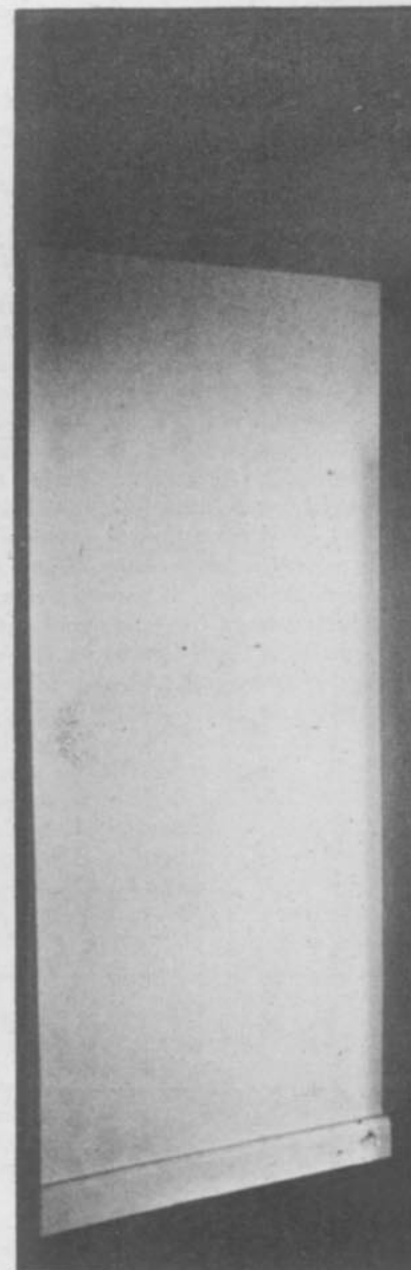
ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____

I pledge that I photographed, developed and printed this picture.

SIGNATURE _____



FARMER



MOTHER'S HOUSE

McFARLAND KITCHEN



**Photos by
Fred Day**



MARY





MATT & AUDY

f-stop

ROLAND FREEMAN

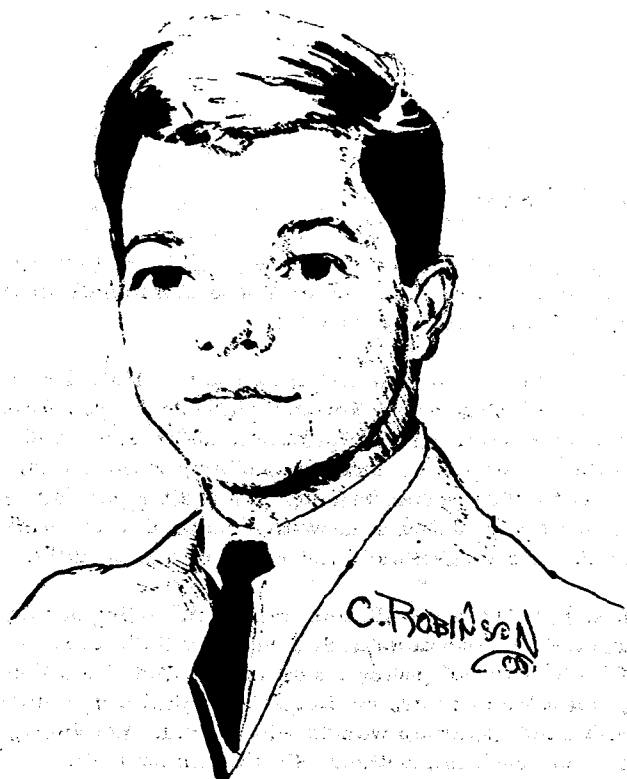
THE photos on these pages are the work of Fred Day. Born in 1937 in Philadelphia, Day was raised and lives in Virginia. He attended American University where he studied art under Summerford and Tom Gates. He then studied photography with Mark Power who is now with the Corcoran. Besides producing fine, sensitive photographs, Day is involved in teaching young, serious students of photography on an individual basis at the home of Pam Peabody in Northwest Washington, where a unique arrangement has been set up to enable those students and others who cannot afford their own darkrooms to work for a minimal fee. For more information, call Day at 966-2737. Fred has been exhibited in a group show at the Maryland Institute of Art, in a one-man show at the Ikon Gallery here in DC and is now a part of the group show which is currently at the Corcoran displaying the works of eleven local photographers.

NEAR WARRENTON, VA.



CLAUDIA

THE DIARY OF BUDDY ANELLO



(Reprinted from Win Magazine)

ON May 31, 1968, Sgt. Bruce P. Anello--Buddy, to his family and friends--was killed in action in Vietnam. A diary he was keeping was picked up on the battlefield and made its way to Hanoi. In the course of conversations with the NLF, American anti-war activist Bob Greenblatt learned about the existence of the diary. Upon seeing a copy of it, Bob convinced the Vietnamese to turn it over to the American peace movement (the NLF had been concerned about the propriety of releasing such a document.)

Upon receiving it, WIN first went to Buddy's father and step-mother in Philadelphia and got their permission to publish it. The Anellos also lent many of the photographs and other material included here.

Buddy, born August 24, 1947, was the third of four brothers. When his mother died in 1951, Buddy's father found himself unable to both support and adequately care for his sons, so Buddy and his brothers were sent to the Milton Hershey School for orphaned boys. It was here that Buddy lived from age four until he finished high school, except for short happy vacations at home. Particular interests he developed during these years were music and wrestling. He was considered an outstanding performer on both drums and piano, but in Vietnam he seemed able to play whatever instrument came to hand.

After graduation Buddy worked for the Philadelphia Electric Company for a year, then spent three happy months in San Francisco visiting his eldest brother Don. In Haight Ashbury, his first real taste of independence, he met a girl he hoped to return to, and probably smoked his first marijuana. When his father sent word an induction notice had come, Buddy returned to Philadelphia.

The diary stops several weeks before Buddy was killed.

Buddy was awarded the Purple Heart, the Silver Star, the Military Merit Medal and a marksmanship citation. He was also given, posthumously, a medal from the Army of South Vietnam.

When he died in Dragon Valley, Vietnam, Sgt. Bruce Anello was twenty years old. -Ed

OCT. 16, 1967. IT all starts in the San Francisco Bay. Feelings are the color of the ship. Gray. I look at the night and the city lights and remember all the beautiful things I've done there--and I have to turn. I look at the bridge with the many people traveling their happy way, but not knowing the ship below carries a load of deep thought. And the lights play on my mind. So I have to turn. Just three miles away, behind the old smoke stack. You can't see it. But that's where I live. I know it's there, but they don't know I'm here, and I have to turn. I turn to the faces whose thoughts are just like mine and only seem to make the ship grayer. And the stars offer me no help 'cause now I look at them alone. So I turn for the last time and walk away with my eyes to the ground.

OCT. 18. Tomorrow we pass the Golden Gate Bridge and everyone will say, "Isn't it beautiful," and I'll say, "Yes, wasn't it." But hopes we always there, for it's not a terrible long time. It's just an eternity.

OCT. 21. It seems like a year I've been gone already, but it hasn't even been a month. The ocean is a tiring object, but on occasions it had its beautiful times. Especially at night, but always I wish I didn't have to watch it alone.

OCT. 22. Tomorrow we get off the ship. . . Tired of being seasick, ship-sick, homesick, and just plain sick-sick. Besides, it was getting kind of morbid anyway. Religious services every hour on the hour. Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, all held by the same guy. I guess you might call him a Jack-of-all-trades, if you want to call religion a trade. More or less a union with weekly union dues.

OCT. 23. Finally arrived. We had to wait for General Westmoreland to give his welcome speech, salutes, and all that flag waving jazz. Meanwhile, my weapon was strangling me and my duffle bag was trying to pull my arm off my shoulder. Then, of all things, we had a parade. All I could remember from training was "don't bunch up." General talked to the guy next to me, but to have him tell it, it's like he got kissed by the Pope.

OCT. 24. Still waiting for supplies before we move out. I was told I'm supposed to be a tunnel rat. My platoon sergeant likes me (sarcasm).

OCT. 27. Left for another place today. Duc-Pho. It's finally back to C-rations again. . . It rained all night. A trio of misery: cold, scared, and hungry.

OCT. 28. Why are we here? A question always on my mind. . . I think and stink a lot more. . . I think about what I'm going to do after I serve my two-year sentence for being an American citizen and what's Mary, Brother Don, Al, Bill, Papa Joe, Gwynne, Moreen, and the bus driver who left me off in Harlem and said good luck, thinking or doing right now.

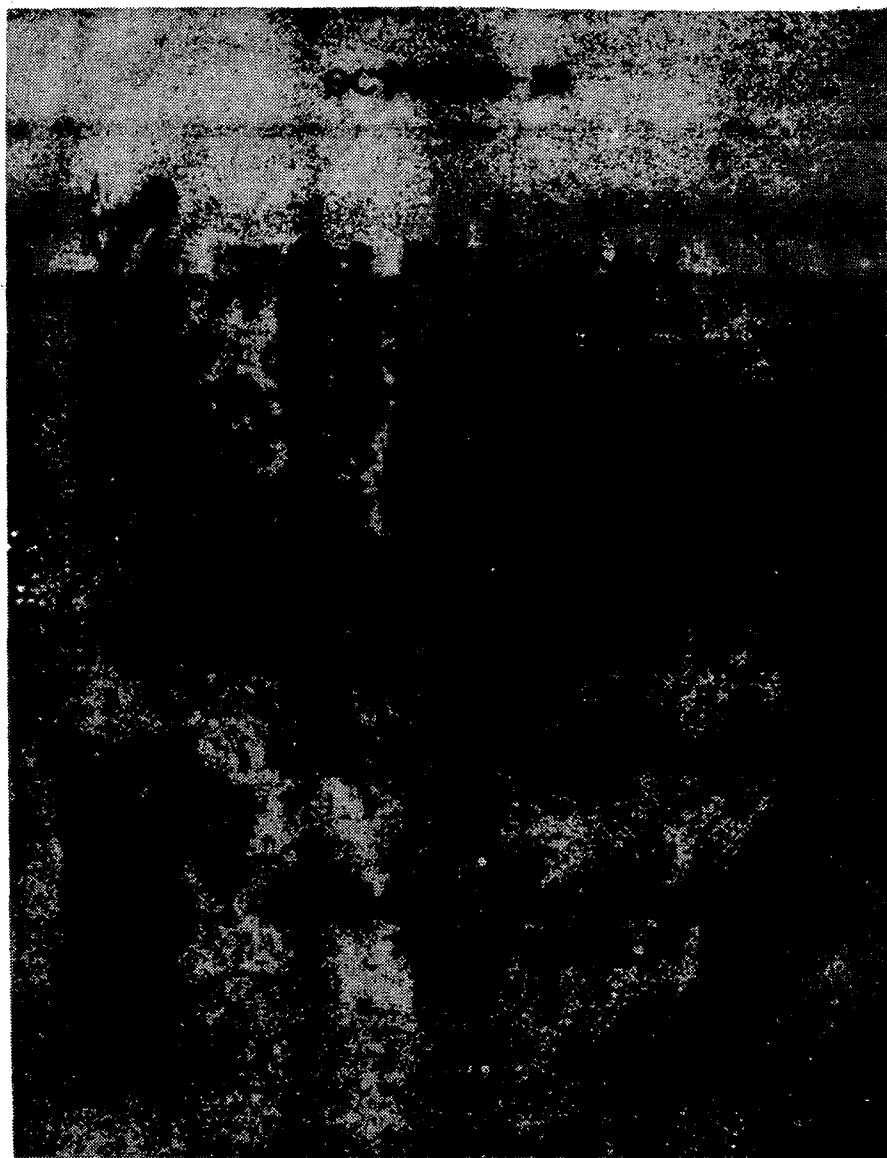
OCT. 29. A hell of a night. Definitely. I went out to take a piss and someone whips a grenade my way. One leap and I was back in the bunker. Call me Jack-be-nimble. . . Two men killed last night.

OCT. 30. Hot as hell. A perpetual steam bath. My feet are two big mosquito bites at the end of my ankles. . . I could care less about the war. Just leave me alone and I wouldn't bother you. How's that--bang!

OCT. 31. At 6 A.M. I get up and read the obituary column and if I'm not listed, I go eat breakfast.

NOV. 2. The hardest day so far. Close to 80 pounds of shit on my back, raining like hell and we're tramping through the rice paddies. . . A man got blown up last night by our own artillery. Who can you trust?

NOV. 5. Should have gotten a combat medal for fighting off thousands of mosquitoes last night. No sleep for the weary. . . I smoke a lot of grass.



NOV. 9. Our ambush--with the rain beating on my helmet. Not a drop coming in, so it trickles round my neck and soaks into my skin. While my finger's on the trigger frozen with fear and from the wind. . . haven't fire a shot yet. Nor has one come my way. Just frustration and harassment. . .

NOV. 10. Finally a day off. I'm very lonely today. And still no mail, no newspaper. . . I'll sit here and smoke and ponder and get lonelier. . .

NOV. 11. No bullets my way. No bullets returned. It's the best way to fight a war--that's what I've learned.

NOV. 17. . . Nothing like lying down in the afternoon knowing that you have an ambush all night. . .

NOV. 18. From this date till Dec. first I didn't have the book with me 'cause we were only supposed to go on a one to five day mission. But some of the thoughts still remain. How could I forget? We climb--

ed hills all day and had searches. For what I don't know. The only thing I was looking for was my next step. That night we set up on a hill with grass so high a giraffe would strain his neck to see over. And holes so big it looked like an elephant hibernation center.

NOV. 19. The helicopter couldn't make it in, so that meant no cigarettes. The hell with the food. .

NOV. 21. Lost respect for a bunch of people today. For no reason they tore down this hootch, burnt it, tramped down their garden, ripped out their trees and there wasn't even any suspected enemy. I told him I hope someone kicks in his TV tube while he's over here. Like he said: "Just to let them know we're here." Really made me sick, but what am I to do? Stand and watch and forget. The last may never happen.

NOV. 25. Back to hoofing and humping again. Froze last night. But how do you write it? It's hard to explain the cold to someone who's warm. . .

DEC. 6. When will it ever end? You can't fight what you can't see, yet we walk like we're in a shooting gallery. You ask, "How can we find them?" and they say, "When he shoots at you." Yet we walk and walk. The major sits at his desk smelling of starch, saying, "There's a lost regiment out there somewhere. Search till you find them." And I ask, "How do we find them?" and he says, "Wait till they shoot at you." Yet we walk, fools we are, 'cause it will never end. . .

DEC. 8. So tired. Feel as though the pen weighs a ton. And my head weighs heavy on the borderline between existence and reality. How long can it last? I walk in a state of existence, yet the mud up to my knees is real, the rain beating down is real, the pain from the weight on my back is real, the cuts on my legs are real, the dirt in my face is real, the soil on my mind is real, the picture on my eyes is real, the shot that rang out is real, the man that fell down is real, the blood also is real, yet I walk in a state of existence--and I'm so tired. Is it real? Yes, but why be sad, when nothing will change your sorrows; why be angry, for there's nothing to release your anger on. Why be happy when it's nothing really to be happy about. So I exist.

Feelings are void, emotions are gone, reactions are numb. Am I wrong for this? Ask the ones who are crying. Yet, I'm not right.

I'm just tired, and hate to fall asleep, only to wake up to it all again. An Ode to James Lampley who died in this confusion.

Dec. 10. How can I describe an ambush? Through poem it may sound pretty. In conversation it may sound exciting; in thought it's undecipherable. But I will try:

Darkness comes, and the clouds turn black with threatening rain, and the moon can barely seep through. It's the signal to move to the trail where the man died yesterday. An eerie feeling creeps in your whole being as the beautiful trees of daytime turn into laughing demons from the cold night wind. You lie on the damp ground hungry from the day's long march. Eight men and eight individual thoughts of home and how it used to be. One thinking of a quiet sunny morning at a deserted beach. With the sand warming his bare feet, as he goes into the sunrise with his surfboard. Another playing in the backyard with his son that he's never seen. And another laughing and loving with his girl, just grooving down the streets.

And among my many thoughts I think of a warm fireplace with reflections of peace and quietness thrown from a flickering light. . .

Then it starts to sprinkle and you pray it don't rain, 'cause you're cold already. You need a cigarette and the mosquitoes are hell but you must keep quiet. You look at your watch and the luminous dials say only an hour has passed. Nine more hours and a thousand deaths to go. Then once again you walk all day, eat little, get wearier, and thank God you're alive, and that it didn't rain.

Dec. 13. For a man to place his fate in the hands of God--he must be a tree. For only the trees believe in God. Jungle philosophy. I heard that once. Sometimes it seems true. Misery comes and I don't mention God. Yet when it's over, I thank him. Or is it just relief, and I feel I have to thank someone or something? And God's the only name I know.

Dec. 14. For two days we sat in the same place. Under our ponchos on a steel pot, high in the mountains. I've never been so cold. But once again, how do you explain the cold to someone who's warm?

Dec. 17. You know, I don't need a piece of ass. The army fucks you enough. We got within a thousand meters of base camp and the major must of smelt us coming, so he sent down some new orders to go back out and look for that goddamn lost regiment. Hell, they have been searching for the last eight years now. They say all that's left now is 2 squads and 2 machine guns. The rest got killed. They just passed the guns down to the next generation. They ought to know old soldiers never die--God damn it!

Dec. 18. In camp. Base camp. It's a mirage, but we're here, mirage or not. I keep pinching myself to see if it's real. It hurts me, but the ground never yells.

These search-and-destroy missions are really getting quite boring. Climbing hills, going through rice paddies, hacking away at vines and thorns, crawling in holes (tunnels). Hell, a hole's a hole. You've seen one hole, you've seen them all. And I've seen a lot of holes in the army.

Dec. 24. Christmas Eve--Ho ho! Today I fought a war. Instead of the Yule tide burning, it was a village. Instead of Christmas lights it was artillery. Instead of the white snow, it was rain. Instead of warm smiles, it was a weary frown. Instead of bells ringing out, it was bullets. Instead of presents, it was a booby trap. Instead of pain,

it was man saying, "I'm going home." Instead of peace and good will, it was war and sorrow. But be still, for today Christ was born.

Dec. 25. I can bring grief upon myself--if I think. And if I don't think, I'm nowhere. It's not much to say to somebody, "I've been nowhere." He can hardly ask, "What's it like?" and you stand there and tell him nothing, and he listens with one deaf ear.

I wrote a sarcastic Noel poem called "Christmas Day Ho! Ho!" where I expressed this nothing that I felt, in hopes that all the deaf people who hear it will clap one hand, and all the dumb people will shout their approval.

Dec. 28. As for what's happening, I could write it all down, but this is a diary, not an obituary column. There are a lot of feelings I can't explain. Like the look of someone's eyes, the expression on someone's face, or the words that never leave someone's mouth. . . Most of the things I can only say: "I saw!"

Dec. 29. We've been trying to get in out of the field for three days now. So far we've had sniper fire for the whole time out. Plus two booby traps, killing one and wounding some. . . It's been cold and wet and bloody. So the major comes out in his chopper and says, "I'm sorry, but the weather's too bad to send in any choppers to get you out." Then he flies away, leaving us with a new mission. He's got to get back before his coffee gets cold and his cookies go stale.

Jan. 7, 1968. Sgt. Taylor--platoon sergeant. A hypocrite, more so than an egotist. It's hard to decipher whether he's serious or not. He talks just for the sake of giving a command. But like all high ranking men, well, not all but most, he keeps his opinion to himself in order not to be busted. In other words--him first. You know, it's really boring to even talk about them. So the hell with it.

Jan. 10. The people don't stand a chance. On patrol we came across a hut with a big pole and one wire on it which he showed us was connected to his transistor radio for better reception.

The colonel came in his chopper and said, "Rip it down 'cause it looks like a transmitting place for the enemy." Plus the people were taken as suspects.

Then the colonel said a couple huts had too much rice so we had to bag it and send it in. The lady started taking a fit when we started. Meanwhile the colonel left. So the lady was dying and all the people crying. . . We sent word to take the woman on a medevac. But the colonel said, "It's not our problem. Can't spare the gas." And this is a friendly village. Or was a friendly village.



Jan. 12. Even here they hound me about a haircut. Like they don't have nothing else to worry about. A guy in our platoon shot a civilian today. He personally was sorry. But the platoon sarge said we should have burnt his I.D. and put a grenade in his pocket. The squad leader put a note on him when the chopper took him away, saying he didn't have an I.D. and he ran. I'm tired of living with these sadists.

Jan. 13. Even I've become kind of hard myself. Screaming on little kids. In general, giving the Vietnamese people a hard time. So be it--you just get the feeling that you don't care any more. Let it all hang out.

I look at things no longer as beauty but just as objects. I walk among the objects, seeing no color. But the objects have eyes and I ask myself, "Am I really as tall as I think I am?"

Jan. 14. A letter came--from Mary even.

Today, January 14, declared as a new holiday. It was so beautiful I cried. I can't even express how it made me feel. A lot of words wouldn't mean half enough of how good I feel. I was gonna read the envelope for three days, then open it, read the heading for the next three days, and one sentence per 3 days. It should last me until the next letter.

Jan. 21. Volunteer night patrol. A new gimmick, the gung-ho, started. Three dudes I know were talking about the night coming, saying, "I sure hope we don't find anything." And I know goddamn right well the only reason they volunteered was in hopes to find something. But let it be. I wouldn't mind going myself. But I have a thing against volunteering. I could care less if they pick me, but to volunteer is another story.

Jan. 24. Today I got the idiot badge pinned on me. I am now sergeant Anello. I must have qualified in the heights of stupidity. To me it means I'm still a pfc, I'm just making more money. . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Politics for art's sake?

ANDREA O. COHEN

ART is what? "Getting it all together" was the consensus of the delegates at the annual conference of the Associated Councils of the Arts (ACA), held the last week of May at the Mayflower Hotel. The delegates, while purportedly representing artists and proclaiming them the true saviours of our spiritual and physical environment, used the same slogan as Kent cigarettes, which--while paying lip service to minority groups on big ugly billboards mucking up the land of the free and brave--also gives you lung cancer.

Little wonder there was confusion about what art is. Only one in five of the delegates were practicing artists, a term which can cover a multitude of sins; 32% of the delegates earn over \$25,000 a year. A film, titled "Art is...", commissioned by Sears and Roebuck in cooperation with the ACA, attempted to fill in the "what". Its producer, De Witt L. Sage, Jr., musing over the genesis of the film in *Eagle Ears*, a newsletter put out daily during the conference, wrote that after casing the art establishments and getting incomprehensible definitions of art, he finally asked a demonstrator picketing a museum for help:

"Certainly," he replied, "War, sexism and racism." He smiled tolerantly.

"You mean that's what art is, was, could be, has been, should be--all of the above, some of the above?" I was anxious not let such a concise definition slip from my grasp.

"Is that all right too?" I asked.

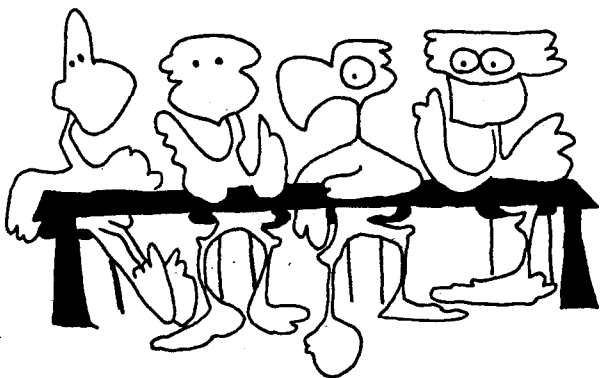
"Certainly," he replied.

"Nothing else to add?"

"Nothing else to add."

Louis Harris, vice chairman and poll taker of the conference, said that the delegates seemed to agree that "art should be as broad and wide as the human race itself."

Where is the garbage man? Nicholas Johnson of the FCC, in a speech to the delegates, unwittingly recycled and purified the verbal bilge to say: "The artist is the 'outtrider' on the next ridge of the mountains, telling us about the passes, hazards and rivers that lie ahead.. This source of perspective and analysis is ultimately highly political, of course, in the sense that many of the most heated political issues of today are about what tomorrow will bring, and, indeed, what today is all about... But, God help him if he comes back and tells us about it!... In an age of automation, when people are working at jobs they hate, we have to be concerned about the matter of the soul, we must have a sense of the value of life and whatever it is that makes man different from the machines." Johnson regards art as "the antennae of the race."



While the White House Conference on Youth agreed that racism represents "the greatest threat to the nation" and asserted that "the arts constitute the most immediate and powerful force working toward the elimination of racism," this conference, unfortunately, provided no such force. As Teixeira Nash, head of the D.C. Commission on the Arts, noted, blacks were left out of the conference. She asked that appropriations for the arts reflect the fact that non-whites make up over 20% of the country's population. Also ironic is the fact that while the ACA conference strongly supported providing opportunities for youth, only 16% of its delegates were under 30; 53% were over 40.

A majority of delegates felt the Nixon administration had done more for the arts than previous ones. Nixon doubled the appropriations for the National Endowment for the Arts last year and is presently requesting full funding of the 30 million authorized by Congress.. That's good even if it doesn't make a dent. The United States now spends 7 and a half cents per artist out of its 200 billion dollar budget, as compared to the West Germans who spend \$2.42, the Swedes and Austrians who spend \$2.00, etc.

Mr. Nixon appeared to address this liberal congregation of government-appointed lay artists and lay politicians not many hours after speaking to the Southern folk. He said the right things, coached one would assume by special assistant, Leonard Garment, regarded as the "odds and ends man" in charge of matters relating to blacks, youth and the arts. He also said some absurd things like: "We can spend billions on new scientific miracles, on education, on

ART

housing, on health care, highways and airports, and in so doing we can meet very genuine needs.. But, this alone would be like designing a violin without strings." First, "we" are not "meeting the genuine needs." Second, strings are replaceable--like promises, and not designed by the same fellow who designs the stradivarius. Third, to quote Nicholas Johnson out of context, "we love the rhetoric, but where are the pork chops?"

Most delegates felt that the government has a better understanding of art than it formerly had, which is doubtful in spite of Nixon's statement that: "The arts are much more than a form of entertainment; a way of filling up our new-found hours of leisure.. They are indispensable means through which imagination may be freed, and through which we can gain new perceptions and heightened understanding." If so then why is it that, as Charles Silberman states in *Crisis in the Classroom*, "Most schools give their students a powerful and effective aesthetic education; they teach them that interest in the arts is effeminate or effete, that study of the arts is a frill, and that music, art, beauty and sensitivity are specialized phenomena that bear little relation to any other aspect of the curricula or of life..." And who do you think will be the first to go when the D.C. School system eliminates teachers next fall?

President Nixon promised that he would send a memorandum to the heads of the 117 plus odd agencies that have control over funds for the arts and urge them to consider how they can "more effectively aid the arts." That's part of the problem--all those agencies, whose directors know nothing about esthetics and could care less. What is needed is one agency, which knows what it's about and can coordinate the distribution of funds to artists as well as providing about 117 plus agencies with the kind of talent which could initiate and carry through less ghastly, even less expensive, buildings, roads, subways etc. (As suggested by Francis O'Connor)

If our environment is lousy and its arts unrepresentative of the people, it's not only because art is low on our list of priorities. It is due, in part, to the fact that the spare supply of pork chops are being chomped on by art establishments instead of artists, or by establishment and established artists instead of those who are young and unestablished or old and disestablished. The art world has proliferated to a point where even large museums must fight to get the PR which draws enough people to make expensive exhibits possible.

Community organizations are not able to compete with large cultural institutions, and while expenditures increase (this country spends approximately 2 billion yearly for art), a decreasing amount goes to institutions and individuals representing community interests. For example, the New York State Council gave its largest grant for this year to the Metropolitan Museum. Who does it represent? We all but canonize Art--saints don't get paid either--and forget that the art world is no more devoid of politics, with all its hucksterism, gimmickry, charlatanism and sensation-seeking as politics itself. Them that's got the most and hustles the most, gets the pot. For the rest rainbows.

Some very good proposals on getting pots and pork chops to the right recipients were suggested by groups representing artists--and Nicholas Johnson.

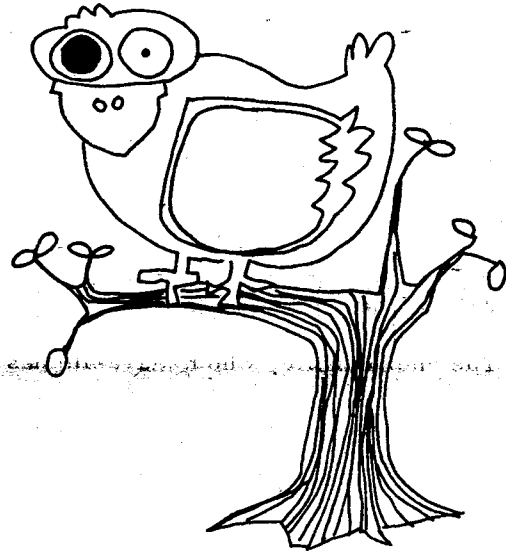
From the Art Worker's Coalition: 1). Since there is presently no way to require accountability from cultural institutions receiving public funds to guarantee that funding be related to real community needs, any institution with assets of over \$100,000 should not be given funds unless it

can match them from community resources. 2). A major criterion for funding projects ought to be the degree to which independent artists and members of the community served are involved in the initial planning of a proposal and for the program itself (emphasis mine).

Among the National Art Workers Community's goals are: 1) to establish a communications agency to increase communication between artists, an understanding of their needs and knowledge of their real contributions to business, industry and culture. (The MacDowell Report of 1968 contains the only hard facts about artists and they are insufficient.) 2). To establish a national organization to promote the interests of the art worker, such as providing him with insurance, jobs and fair treatment by galleries and other commercial organizations. 3) To replace the Business Committee on the Arts and other such organizations with more artist-oriented ones.

Nicholas Johnson proposed a massive increase in federal pork chops and suggested that emphasis be placed on individual artistic activity by: 1). inviting amateur artists to show their work in the dreary corridors of power; the works could be on loan, the artists identified and sales possible. 2). rejuvenating Senator Muskie's bill which provides that 1% of all expenditures on federal building construction go for sculpture and art to make them more liveable.

How do we accomplish any of this?



In the *ACA Reporter* we find: "The real road to progress is found in the patterns of other social enterprises like the conservation movement, women's rights... which founded success on unity and the 'adoption of singular and simplified goals'." A few paragraphs later: "The present time asks that the delegates present dedicate themselves to a higher purpose than the sometimes suspect continuing harangue for more support."

Michael Straight asserts that the artist must "be politicized like the Rifle Association, Lockheed.. and 'must be in for good.'" The wants and needs of artists are less simple, and there is at present no adequate organization to represent them. It's interesting that while claiming to prefer abstract to other forms of art, a majority of delegates denigrated art for art's sake and felt artists should convey their politics in their art. With few exceptions, abstract painters paint (or sculpt) for its own sweet sake and not only do not convey their politics in their art but often fail to communicate them at all. Such is the beast. The non-artists supporters, often not sufficiently informed about their benefactor, can't speak for him either because they haven't listened to him or, as is not unlikely, the artist has ignored them. "If you want to go to Washington and BS, be my guest, I've got work to do" is doubtless the attitude of many. The fully committed artist himself has little time for politics and is usually terrible at it, because he's uncompromising while politics, if it is an art, is one of compromise. He is both right and wrong if he regards conferences like the ACA's as sheer cant. The conference drew Nicholas Johnson who, among other things said (listen Mr. Nixon): "A man is politically successful over a long period of time because he is able, consistently, to see through the cant of today's dogma to tomorrow's truth with a detachment typical of the artist's stance." The conference provided a sounding board, pointed up the effect artists can have on our whole unwholesome world

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The Conformist

SOME striking movies, like some particularly attractive lovers, are fascinating because they do not make excessive intellectual or emotional demands. Enchanted, we can gorge ourselves on beauty. There came a moment early in John Schlesinger's *Far From The Madding Crowd* when one realized that the director, screenwriter and players were not equipped to handle the Hardy novel. At that point, one freely capitulated to the sensuous beauty of Nicolas Roeg's cinematography, to the greens and blues and browns of Dorset. Fairly early in Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Conformist*--in the confessional sequence to be exact--one realizes that the director is up to some rather conventional Marx-and-Freud and so one surrenders, almost thankfully, to the stylish elegance of the film. Bertolucci is such a superb color stylist--his images are so bold and fresh and inventive--that one forgives him for the film's shortcomings. More than any movie to open in ages, *The Conformist* is a film to be seen, even though the print currently on view at the Janus has been seriously tampered with.

Bertolucci is a 29-year-old Italian who has made five features; his previous work, seldom screened in the U.S., includes very free adaptations of Stendal (*Before The Revolution*), Dostoyevski (*Partner*) and Borges (*The Spider's Stratagem*.) (American film buffs often confuse him with Marco Bellocchio, the young director of *Fists in the Pocket* and *China is Near*.) This time, an Alberto Moravia novel set in Italy in the 1930's is the departure point. Marcello, who in his boyhood, shot a man attempting a homosexual assault, has grown up with an overwhelming desire to lead "a normal life." He becomes engaged to a nice, empty-headed middle-class girl and begins doing counter-espionage work for the Fascists. On his honeymoon in Paris, Marcello spies on his former professor, the anti-Fascist exile Quadri, and eventually arranges the assassination of the professor and his stunning, sexually ambivalent wife. On the day of Mussolini's deposition, he discovers that the homosexual he thought he had murdered is still alive. The "normal life" which Marcello has so carefully constructed collapses and the film ends with him picking up a male prostitute.

I think this scanty outline of *The Conformist's* plotline suggests the limitations of the material. The idea, or, better, leftist notion that political reactionism is caused by impotence or sexual deviation isn't really worth thinking about although, in nightmare moments of despair, it does serve as an easy explanation for the antics of several Nixon cabinet-members. As if aware of the intellectual cheesiness of his material, Ber-

tolucci scrambles the story's time-sequence in what I presume to be a diversionary tactic. Disoriented again and again by these shifts in tense, we tend to overlook what the story means and concentrate upon the dazzling manner in which it is being told.

FILMS

In earlier films and press statements, Bertolucci has identified himself with international leftist filmmakers, and with Godard in particular. Bertolucci's agreement to make *The Conformist* with backing from Paramount Pictures turned Godard against the young director and, perhaps as a result, Bertolucci has drawn back from the Maoists who would undoubtedly label this unusually formalist work "decadent." (According to Richard Roud, Quadri, the anti-Fascist who is murdered, is given Godard's actual address and phone number in Paris.) Unlike Godard, who has renounced virtually all past cinema, Bertolucci has stated that his favorite filmmakers are those great nostalgic formalists

Ophuls, Welles and Sternberg. In the wedding night-train sequence, Bertolucci pays explicit tribute to Ophuls by virtually repeating the amusement park train-ride from the overwhelmingly beautiful *Letter From An Unknown Woman*. The homages sugar the film--a reference to Laurel and Hardy here, a Wellesian camera set-up there. Throughout, Bertolucci proves himself the equal of his masters.

Whether or not the director wants to admit it, *The Conformist* is all style, an imaginative interpretation rather than re-creation of the Thirties. Visconti tried something of the same thing in his horrid *The Damned*, a movie which also tried to equate sexual deviation with political fanaticism, in that case, Naziism. The difference is one of taste. Visconti has the sensibility of a Nazi hairdresser; everything is floridly, ludicrously overblown. Bertolucci has a vivid, uncommonly lyrical visual sense and his film fairly glows with beauty. There is a hot afternoon flirtation in a green Venetian-blind shaded living room replete with scratchy, jazzy phonograph records and an eavesdropping serving girl. There is the lavish, decaying bedroom of Marcello's mother, a drug addict who surrounds herself with legions of puppies. Most memorably, there is the public dance hall where

(Please turn to page 14)

Commencement again

CHARLES McDOWELL Jr.

FOR the last 10 years we have been presenting at this season a widely ignored memorandum entitled "How to Succeed at Commencement: Advice to the Speaker."

It has always begun more or less as follows: "Be brief. Brevity is an inspiration to the young."

"In an academic atmosphere, brevity is the soul of wisdom and passes for eloquence."

"Brevity honors the scholar, reassures the dullard and dignifies the practitioner. It pleases

McDOWELL PAPERS

the parents and absolutely astonishes the faculty."

"Patriotism is an acceptable theme for a commencement speech if it is handled right. As a patriot, bear in mind that the best known speech in American patriotic literature contains the line, 'The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here.'

"Abraham Lincoln delivered the Gettysburg Address in two minutes. It contained 267 words."

It went on like that to the outer limits of

brevity telling a windy generation how to make a successful speech to young people.

Well, a major revision of the memorandum is past due. The heavy commencement addresses these days are likely to be made by young people from among the graduates - valedictorians, class presidents, activists elected by the students to tell the old people where they have gone wrong.

So in keeping with the trend, we offer the following advice to young speakers at commencement:

Be brief. Brevity is a reproach to the status quo.

To a middle-aged audience, brevity is an unexpected virtue of dissent and very nearly offsets a beard and long hair.

Brevity dignifies the activist, startles the square and shocks the system. It absolutely astonishes everyone who is old, which is to say older than 26.

Revolution is an acceptable theme for a commencement speech if it is handled right. As a revolutionary, bear in mind Thomas Jefferson's tribute to his fellow revolutionaries, George Washington and Ben Franklin: "I served with Gen. Washington, in the legislature of Virginia before the Revolution, and during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak 10 minutes at a time."

The old people in your audience are very nervous. What makes them nervous is not that you might propose a radical reorganization of society, but that you might say some dirty words. Speak politely and they will listen appreciatively to anything.

But beware of dramatic metaphors, such as your eagerness to accept the torch of freedom and justice. The old people are already apprehensive that you are going to burn down the library.

Remember that your fellow graduates have been up most of the night accumulating memories. Treat them gently, too. Some have headaches. Some are out on bail. Some are edgy and preoccupied because they are about to take a job in the establishment next week and start disapproving of the unsettling ideas of college students.

Just speak right out and say what is wrong with the world. But be satisfied to hit the main points. You can't cover everything. And remember to save at least one minute for solutions.

Unless you mean to make a total break with everything that has gone before, you have an obligation as commencement speaker to mention that "commencement means a beginning, not an end." Don't get carried away. There has to be an end even to a commencement.

Above all, remember that the climax of your speech is when you quit. Bold, youthful, idealistic, revolutionary brevity - that is what will revolutionize the ritual of commencement and begin a new and better era in the world.

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)



What the butler saw

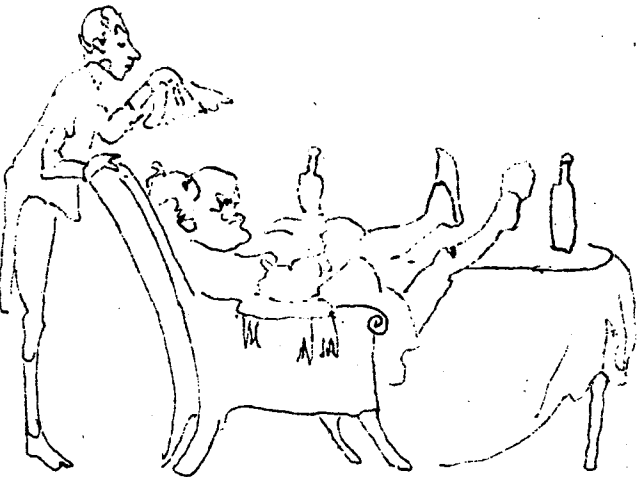
THOMAS SHALES

PERHAPS the most outrageous slings and arrows in theatrical history were slung by Joe Orton, the young British playwright whose last work, *What the Butler Saw* has got everybody laughing like crazy over at Arena's Kreeger Theatre.

THEATER

Orton's work has been seen little in this country, and there is precious little of it to begin with. An entertaining film of his *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* did poorly in release here, so that another film of another Orton play, *Loot*, may have a hard time getting released at all.

What the Butler Saw is unquestionably his mad masterpiece however--an uncontrollable nihilist farce that builds on confusion after confusion, deception after deception, lunacy after lunacy, until a degree of reckless idiocy is reached which very nearly approximates *Life Itself*. One's comfort that all this diabolical comedy is "only a play" shatters near the end of it, when for a terrifying moment we are faced



with the puzzle of just which side of the fourth wall we're on. Are we the watchers or the watched, the sane or the insane? Are we looking into a one way mirror that reveals to us a world gone nutty--or is it a real mirror, and are those maniacs the one and only us?

An off-Broadway production last year that was in some ways superior to the Arena version was in one crucial way inferior--that moment of confrontation was omitted, and the play was just a silly thing--hysterically funny, but not in fact hysterical (in the sense of a mad girl laughing at murder). The missing mayhem, including wanton bloodshed and shrieks that suddenly turn from comic to manic, has been wisely re-instated. As a result, the play has an impact only hinted at previously. It is almost physically dizzying.

Perhaps director David William has not sustained the proper air of clipped neo-Victorianism in his handling of the actors in this production, but most of the Orton lines come off well. The play seems to have a hard time getting started; it is, admittedly, a difficult thing to walk into an asylum and feel right at home. Or is it? Such illustrious lines as the husband's remark about his wife being buried in a "Y-shaped coffin" fall mysteriously flat. Of course, Washingtonians are unusually provincial and diffident people--they are almost everything theatregoers should not be (though not, perhaps, truly atypical in that) and they may just be slow to catch the ribaldries flying by. Then again, the director may be slow to launch them.

You could hardly complain, though, about Richard Bauer's portrayal of Dr. Prentice. In some ways, the play could be taken as a parable on the doctor's--and hence mankind's--own birth and life. Beginning in innocence, he soon stumbles into wrongdoing; he tries to seduce a girl applying for a job as his secretary. No sooner has he even sniffed the apple than complications ensue. His goodness is more and more compromised; he becomes a wicked creature, wickeder by the moment, accused of more and more deviations from normality and feeling himself more and more guilty--even though it becomes quite plain that the accusers themselves are both mad and perverse, and quite often imbecilic besides.

Bauer falls into this whirlpool with a splendid splash. His timing is extraordinary and his physical comedy almost ballet. In past perfor-

mances, he has shown himself over-willing to exploit this physicality; here, he and the director have carefully controlled it, using it sparingly but to great effect. Bauer's is a virtuoso contribution to a great comic cantata.

Ronald Drake is grandly pompous, too, as Dr. Rance, the madman from the government who casts guilt about the room with absolute indiscretion and then wallows gleefully in the mess he has made. Feydeau might have devised such a character but only under the influence of a demon drug. Like every character in the play, Dr. Rance will go after misinterpretation wherever possible and no matter how scanty the evidence. His view of society is a wonderfully wicked mixture of a psychologist's snide cynicism and a fascist's foolish fantasy of moral superiority. He is the incredibly logical extension of Joe McCarthy, Richard Nixon, Pope Paul, and every smug, sickly, smut-hunter that ever stalked the earth.

Part of the beauty of this play is that the lunacy is protracted beyond all reason and nearly beyond all endurance. That is its fiendishness and its daft exhilaration. The life of the playwright, however, was, in contrast, cut radically short. Graphic artist Steve Kraft picked lavender for the cover of the Arena playbill, but other than that there is no direct indication in the program notes that Orton was homosexual. He was. Unfairly, the notes imply that the sole motivation for Orton's murder by his roommate was jealousy over Orton's success. Other sources suggest this was more a crime of love than of hate. The seeming madness in this irony is like the bedlam in *Butler*. Surely premature death is no cheaper a trick than is life's own dumb meaninglessness. Had he been able to judge it impartially, Orton might even have concurred in the timing of his own demise--however cruel it has proven to be to a race that urgently needs still further reminders of its time-tested and apparently hopeless insanity. However brilliant and exhaustive Orton's fabricated lunacy may be, it still cannot equal the sum of one week's worth of world news. That could be the blessed assurance in its almost absolute cry of submission.

FILMS cont'd

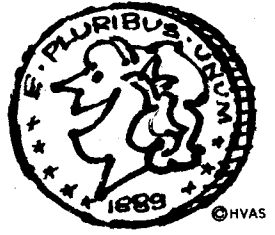
Marcello's wife and Quadri's lesbian wife tango around the red and white striped walls before leading the other dancers in a farandole out into the periwinkle blue evening. At moments like these, one feels grateful that the film's content isn't in any way diverting us from the rich images.

Bertolucci is wonderful at integrating his actors into a visual scheme. Jean-Louis Trintignant is a fine Marcello; his jittery, faintly weaselly quality works as well here as in *My Night At Maude's*, although to far different purposes. Stefania Sandrelli is wonderfully open and blithering as his wife. Dominique Sanda, who was first seen as the drab, trench-coated suicide of Bresson's *Une Femme Douce*, turns in a showy, star performance as Quadri's wife. One would have to go back to the days of Garbo and Dietrich for anything comparable. Transfigured by Bertolucci, Miss Sanda becomes the auntsense of the Thirties movie star.

Enjoyable as *The Conformist* is, and as strongly as I urge you to see it, I must warn you that the print currently screening in Washington has been cut in several important places. The party of the blind, a favorite sequence of the New York reviewers, has been completely excised. Certain sequences involving Italo, Marcello's ironically blind advisor, are gone too and as a result, the relationship is almost incomprehensible. And part of the last sequence, in which Marcello watches the male prostitute as he begins to undress, is gone so that one can't be sure just who or what is lying nude on the bed in the final shots. I suppose that Paramount has made the cuts (maybe Godard was right after all) although I can't imagine why. Only the last of them could involve sex-oriented censorship, and that's doubtful considering that Bertolucci included no nudity. Perhaps I am wrong, but I think that the Janus Theatre people should have insis-

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ART cont'd

desmugged the heads of many delegates and put priorities where they ought to be--pork chops. It brought some honest statements from people on the Hill, like that of one congressman who, though a supporter of the arts, admitted that if his constituents knew he was spending a morning "playing artsy fartsy" they'd replace him. The delegates expressed hopes that the government act as a catalyst for creativity, which is fantasy. However, what could be a better catalyst for creativity than all those provoking nonsequitors, those contradictory assumptions and conclusions, the mixed-upedness of it all, the making a circus out of something which ought to be taken seriously? And Mr. Nixon's exhibition, with the flashy smile, all those whiter than bright teeth and maple syrup colored pancake tan, telling how it was in "the depths of the Depression" working up a real lather (which reminds me he was clean-shaven--they've got it all together) about art... well... But, someone might remember some of the rhetoric and insist he deliver. I doubt it, but you never know.

But, long-haired, odd-ball artists lobbying. Remember the Vietnam Vets? At least people didn't laugh at them.



ted upon showing the complete, Bertolucci-approved prints which have been shown in New York instead of settling for these chopped-up ones. I have little love for moviegoing at the Janus. Like many others, I resent waiting outside, sometimes in the rain, for eventual admission to a theatre characterized by badly-angled sightlines and a crackly sound system. The Janus should have enough respect for its patrons to make sure that, along with the various discomforts and liabilities and high ticket prices, moviegoers are shown integral versions of the film they have come to see.

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Schizophrenia

Part II

Can LSD therapy help schizophrenia? Hoffer and Osmond discovered a way to predict the usefulness of LSD therapy using filter paper chromatography. The technique is to place a drop of the liquid to be analyzed (urine for instance) on a strip of sensitized filter paper. When the dot has dried, the strip is suspended with the bottom edge in a trough of selected solvents. By sick action, the solvents travel up the strip, sweeping the molecules in the original dot with them. The structure of the molecules in the original dot determines how far up the strip they are carried.

After the paper strips are dried and developed, colored spots are produced. If conditions are ideal, the same molecules always travel to the same area in the paper and give the same color when developed.

In 1957 Hoffer and Osmond tested the urine of alcoholic subjects before and during LSD experience. For some, a mauve (violet or lilac colored) spot appeared in the LSD urine sample which wasn't present in the sample taken before the LSD was given.

"Out of any group of normal subjects given LSD-25, about one-half will have an experience which we term 'psychedelic.' That is, they are relaxed, at ease, and have exciting and useful experiences, many times of a mystical or visionary sort from which they derive lasting benefit." (Hoffer and Osmond) It is these good experiences which provide the basis for successful LSD treatment or alcoholism and mental illness.

However, alcoholics with malvaria (that is, who show the mauve spot on the filter paper test of their urine) either before or after the LSD session rarely improve as a result of the LSD treatment since they so rarely have the relaxation and visionary experiences. Therefore, LSD treatment is contraindicated for malvarians.

Malvarians score nearly twice as high on the HOD (Hoffer-Osmond Diagnostic) test for schizophrenia than non-malvarians. (The higher the score, the greater the degree of schizophrenia.) Malvarians have more abnormal brain wave patterns than non-malvarians. "In general, patients with malvaria (whether they were neurotic or psychotic) did not respond as well to orthodox treatment, had to stay in hospital longer for treatment, and needed to be re-admitted more often after discharge." (Hoffer and Osmond)

What difference was there when niacin was used in treatment? "Those with malvaria began to recover much sooner, much better and in larger numbers than non-malvarians... This applied to all diagnostic groups, the mentally retarded, adolescent problems, anxiety neuroses, alcoholics and schizophrenics. For example, six malvarian alcoholics were treated with

LSD-25 as a main treatment. They were not improved whatever and are still alcoholic. But out of eight malvarian alcoholics treated with niacin, seven have been sober over two years each."

NATURAL LIVING

Non-malvarians do not respond nearly as well to niacin. Of seven children with malvaria, six are nearly well and the seventh unfortunately had the megavitamin treatment stopped when he was admitted to a school for mentally defective children. Of 20 non-malvarian children also on niacin, only one has shown any significant improvement.

Thus it appears that LSD therapy is more effective for non-malvarians and that niacin therapy is better for malvarians. "Finally, if the mauve factor vanishes from the urine, it is a hopeful sign that the patients are beginning to recover. So far, no patient who has recovered has remained malvarian." (Hoffer and Osmond)

Not all schizophrenics have malvaria; about 75% of newly diagnosed schizophrenics and about 50% of chronic, long-hospitalized schizophrenics have it. However, non-malvarian schizophrenics seldom have the vivid perceptual changes experienced by schizophrenics with malvaria. The mauve factor is in some way related to the pink adrenochrome which is found in abnormally high amounts in schizophrenics. Is there a way to lower the adrenochrome levels in schizophrenics? Would this help in their recovery?

Hoffer and Osmond hypothesize that if adrenaline production in the body could be reduced the adrenochrome would be lowered also. Methyl groups are needed for adrenaline formation. It is known that niacin (Vitamin B3) can sop up methyl groups in the body. The promising initial results have been substantiated by more than 15 years of using niacin. They report that 3 out of 4 schizophrenics have responded.

Niacin is well known as the prevention and cure of pellagra, a deficiency disease characterized by depression, dermatitis and diarrhea. The similarity of pellagra and schizophrenia has always caused confusion to psychiatrists--maybe because they are facets of the same problem.

Speaking to the members of the Schizophrenia Foundation of Greater Washington (a group of patients and professionals), Dr. Hawkins said that the North Nassau Mental Health Center had been operating 10 years when they decided to try the megavitamin therapy. Previous to that they avoided taking chronic schizophrenics and al-

coholics because of low probability of recovery. The diagnostic tests and interviews used to take hours and had a staggering cost. The clinic had a low recovery rate and a long waiting list.

Now all that is changed. They give all prospective patients the HOD test and those that need the megavitamin treatment can be sent home, after a relatively short stay, with their vitamins and menus in hand. With the word spreading of their success, newly diagnosed schizophrenics are being referred and these recover even faster than the chronic patients with which they began the program. The rate of recovery is so good that there is no longer a waiting list!

Niacin treatment takes time, often months, before it produces results. In 1965, Dr. Hoffer began testing a derivative of niacin, NAD. It seems to do in days what niacin does in months.

One quarter of our nations hospital beds are occupied by schizophrenics. The assumption is that we could get more psychiatrists and psychologists and the problem would be analyzed away. The knowledge that schizophrenia has a biological basis has been around for years yet the inexpensive and relatively simple therapy hasn't been given a chance to prove itself in this country. Even if it doesn't work, it isn't harmful nor frightening, like electric-convulsive therapy.

The resistance to incorporating the megavitamin and diet approach into other therapy will give way sooner or later, as patients and their families insist on giving it a try.

HARD TIMES cont'd

One of the reasons the coal industry flourishes is because the federal and state mine officials allow the coal men to get away without complying with the health and safety laws. In West Virginia, where the state inspectors are viewed by the operators as outrageous freaks, violations don't mean anything. An inspector can write up all sorts of violations, but in many instances there are no penalties for them under the law. The federal inspectors are more highly regarded, but there are few of them, and since neither the industry nor the union encourage safe practices, they regard their job as hopeless. They are all too commonly viewed as policemen, and a miner who complains to them is more likely to lose his job than receive a reward.

McAteer makes the point that production rates are so high because of the slipshod methods in the mines. The continuous miner, a machine which chews away at the coal, can hit pyrite and throw off sparks which can cause an explosion if they ignite methane gas. This is a fairly common occurrence in West Virginia. When it happens the machine operator gets blamed if he's still alive. Things might be better if the mine owners put electric lights in the mine so the man who runs the machine could see where he is going. But the mine owners say this would produce a hazard (not to mention expense), and thus the miners are left to work their machines with the only light coming from their head lamps.

The contempt with which the coal operators hold the federal and state mine laws is scarcely believable. McAteer reports how Consolidation Coal took great pains to make sure the entrances of mines located on the Pennsylvania-West Virginia border opened from the West Virginia side because the laws were least strict there.

Thus does McAteer demonstrate how the profits from King Coal derive from the industry's abuse of its workers and their communities.

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